The Outlook

Vol. 76 February 20, 1904 No. 8

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The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of THE OUTLOOK COMPANY. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY

Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

287 Fourth Avenue, New York

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

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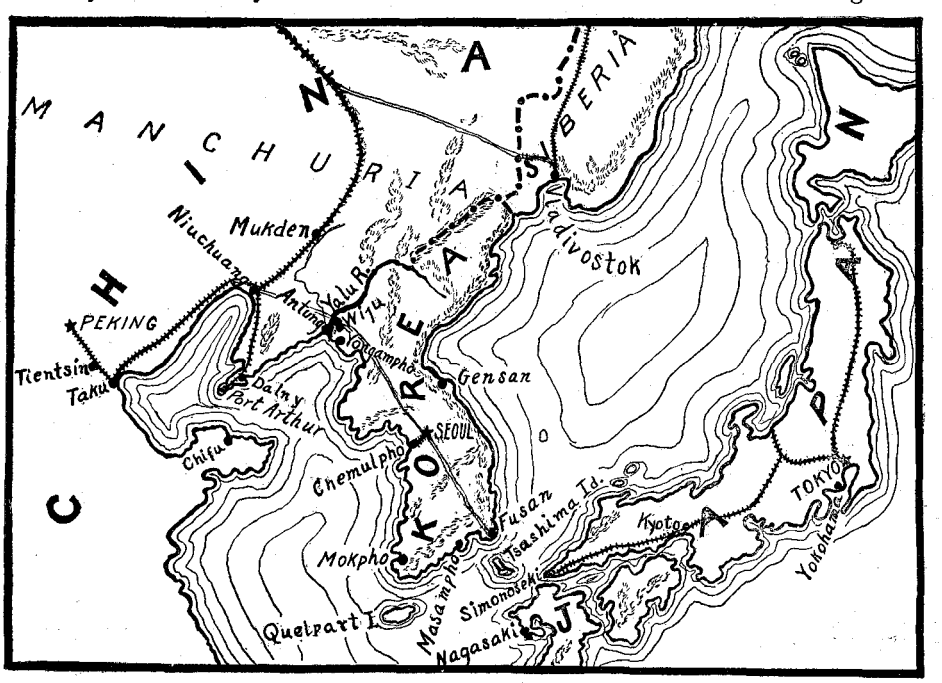
The Outbreak of War

Japan and Russia had so long been preparing for war that the world expected to find both countries ready when the decisive moment came; that moment had been postponed so many times that even after the cessation of diplomatic relations between the two countries, recorded last week, and the withdrawal of the Japanese Minister from St. Petersburg, the hope was still entertained that the matters at issue between the two countries might be settled by diplomacy. But the war cloud, steadily growing blacker for months past and climbing higher and higher on the Eastern horizon, broke with the swiftness of a tempest on Monday night of last week, when the Japanese not only startled their enemies but gave the world a sensation by the audacity and brilliancy of their attack. There was no declaration of war, for that formality has practically ceased to be observed; and, as a matter of fact, each side struck the other within the same day, while by some accounts the Russians fired the first shot. At nine o'clock on the evening of Monday the Russian gunboat Korietz, in Chemulpho harbor, fired on some Japanese torpedo-boats convoying transports. Chemulpho is the port of Seoul, the Korean capital. The transports contained 2,500 Japanese troops bound for Seoul. The Russian cruiser Variag, an American-built boat, joined the Korietz in the attempt to prevent the Japanese from landing. In an ensuing engagement on Tuesday the Russian vessels were defeated by Admiral Uriu's force and retreated to the harbor. An attempt a few hours later to break through the



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Japanese fleet failed and both vessels were sunk, with a considerable loss of life. One despatch describes the second sortie of the Russian ships as superb, and says: "With bands playing the national anthem, the international fleet loudly cheering the bravery and gallantry of the Russians, the Variag and the Korietz faced the Japanese fleet in what was certain death." Many Russian sailors found refuge on board the English and French ships lying near by in the harbor. In humanity's interest the commanders of these ships offered asylum to the sailors, but their surrender has been demanded by Japan. Later on 20,000 Japanese troops were landed at Chemulpho. Meanwhile, at 11:30 o'clock on the evening of Monday, off Port Arthur, Manchuria, the center of Russian supplies and the base of Russia's naval activity in Asiatic waters, the Japanese fleet engaged the Russian, which was found drawn up in battle formation outside the harbor and under the shadow of the forts, the destroyers being spread out in front over a distance of five miles. While the cannonade was hottest some Japanese torpedo-boats crept along close inshore and inflicted such severe injuries on at least two battle-ships and one cruiser that the remainder of the squadron retired into the harbor. A few days later a Russian cruiser, the Askold, injured in the fight at Port Arthur Monday night or in its renewal on Tuesday, sank, while a Russian torpedo transport fouled one of the mines it was laying and was destroyed. On Monday of this week there was a report that three more Russian torpedo-boats had been destroyed by the Russian fortifications in mistake for Japanese torpedo-boats. The injuries to the Japanese fleet were slight. It has been rumored that Russia's Baltic fleet had been ordered to Manchuria and that the strong Black Sea fleet might force the Dardanelles, but neither rumor has been confirmed. Among the most important of other unconfirmed war rumors was one, persistently repeated, that three of the four Russian cruisers which have left Vladivostok had been destroyed by Japanese torpedo-boats. The latest Tokyo advices, however, state that this Russian squadron is cruising in the Sea of Japan. These cruisers certainly sank a Japanese merchant vessel—contrary, the Japanese claim, to the laws of war. There have also been repeated reports that the Japanese have blown up bridges on the Siberian Railroad, but that forces of Japanese which have landed north of Port Arthur and not far from Dalny have been repulsed—one account asserts that out of 600 Japanese 400 were sabered by Cossacks. All these latter rumors indicate that the Japanese are trying to cut the Russian line of communication. Americans will read with interest that Admiral Uriu, the victor at Chemulpho, spent four years at Annapolis, where he graduated seventeenth in a class of seventy-four. Admiral Togo, the Port Arthur victor, has long been known as "the fighting Admiral" or "the Japanese Bob Evans."

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Masampho The question now is, Is the Japanese army as effective as the Japanese navy? One of the most important moves of the combined forces has been the seizure of Masampho, an ice-free port the year round and Russia's special object of envy. One of the points at issue between Japan and Russia was the latter's determination to change Masampho from an open treaty port to a closed Russian port and to fortify it. Thus there would have been a Russian Gibraltar commanding the narrow Korean strait, which would insure free passage for Russian ships between the two Russian fortresses of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, twelve hundred miles apart. With the Japanese occupation and fortification of Masampho, however, no fleet can now pass through the Korean strait except with the consent of Japan. As a high Japanese official said last week, "In allowing us to occupy and fortify Masampho, Russia has assured the integrity of Japan and for herself has created another Dardanelles." The events of the past week have seriously crippled Russia's sea-power in Asiatic waters, rendered it practically impossible for her to get assistance from home by water, made it

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possible for Japan to land all necessary troops in Korea, assured Japanese security at home, and especially at the seven bases in Japan from which her fleet operates, while on the mainland she is now supplied with almost an embarrassing choice of bases from which her army may operate.

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The Russian Charge of Treachery

The Russian Emperor's call to arms laid stress on an alleged case of Japanese treachery. After pointing out that diplomatic relations had been broken off by Japan, he said that "without advising us of the fact that the breach of such relations would in itself mean an opening of warlike operations, the Japanese Government gave orders to its torpedo-boats suddenly to attack our squadron lying in the open harbor of the fortress of Port Arthur." On the same day, addressing the cadets at the Naval Academy, Nicholas II. said: "You are aware, gentlemen, that, two days ago, war was begun against us. The insolent foe came upon us by night and attacked our stronghold and fleet." The Russians forget that they did the same thing in beginning the Russo-Turkish War of 1877. The Czar was probably not aware at the time that his own forces had opened fire at Chemulpho two hours before the Japanese fleet opened fire on the Russian fleet in the harbor of Port Arthur. War begins, the authorities on international law now agree, not when it is declared, but when, after the cessation of diplomatic relations, the first act of violence is committed. Diplomatic relations between Russia and Japan were severed on February 6, Japan announcing at the time that it reserved entire liberty of action; which was a full equivalent of notice that war would begin at any moment and at any place convenient to the Japanese. This would have fully answered all criticisms of Japanese ill faith if those criticisms had been based on fact. It was the Russians, however, not the Japanese, who opened the war, and no criticism lies against them for having fired on Japanese troops without going through the previous formality of the declaration of war.

The Neutrality of the Powers

All the great Powers have formally announced their neutrality; and the proclamation of President Roosevelt was reinforced by a striking speech made by Mr. Moody, Secretary of the Navy, at the Lincoln dinner in New York City last week—a speech which may be accepted as a definition of the spirit and attitude of the Administration in the struggle between Japan and Russia. Secretary Moody declared that we are on friendly terms with both nations; that Russia had endeared itself to us by expressions of its good will in the days of our sore trial; that to Japan we occupy almost the position of a foster-mother, our navy having "broken through their Eastern exclusiveness and let in the flood of sunlight of modern civilization. We have declared our neutrality, and I can assure you that this neutrality shall be maintained. We have no interest except that the war may end speedily, no concern except that it may not bring into the struggle other nations. Under no circumstances, we can be assured, is there danger to the peace of our own Nation. We are assured that this administration and its chief know full well that this Nation loves the pleasant pathway of peace, and does not wish war." That our Government means to observe the strictest neutrality between the two great Powers now at war in the Far East is beyond all question; it remains for the people of the country to place a similar restraint upon themselves. It is inevitable that popular sympathies in these great troubles should go out to one or the other of the contending parties; but it is very important that intemperate expressions and the violence of partisanship should be entirely excluded from public discussion. We are on terms of friendship with Russia and with Japan; and while we may have strong sympathies with one side or the other, it is eminently unbecoming that Americans should take the attitude of bigoted partisans. Our Government is endeavoring, in the line of its recent diplomacy, to lessen the horrors of war by circumscribing its area; the American people ought to join sympathetically in that endeavor by repressing any

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violence of feeling and maintaining a friendly attitude with both countries.

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General Sentiment

It would be idle to predict the possible course of such a war as that which has now begun in the Far East, but there is no reason to believe that other Powers will be involved. There has been a decided expression of French sympathy for Russia since the Russian reverses, for Russia and France have been close allies for many years past; but there is no reason to anticipate any active support of Russia by France except in some great extremity. The French would have nothing to gain and much to lose from any active participation in the Far Eastern struggle. In England public sentiment is distinctly pro-Japanese. England stands in close diplomatic relations with Japan; there is a defensive treaty between the two countries, and their interests are very largely identical; but England has not yet recovered and will not recover for a long time from the terrible losses brought about by the war in South Africa, and unless her interests are seriously jeopardized she will maintain a strictly neutral attitude throughout the war. In Germany popular feeling does not seem to have ranged itself strongly on either side, and the policy of the Government is plainly one of peace. Neither Italy nor Austria is in a position actively to back either side, if the inclination existed. The Japanese are said to be united as one man. They unquestionably feel that the independence of their country is at stake, and that unless the Russian advance is checked now it will mean in the end the practical subjugation of Japan. In Russia there was comparatively little interest in the struggle until the Russian reverses, but the disaster at Port Arthur has awakened the national feeling through the Empire, and, if reports are to be trusted, all Russia that has any voice is aflame with enthusiasm and devotion.

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Secretary Hay's Note to the Combatants

The circular-note of the Secretary of State, Mr. John Hay, to the representatives at St. Petersburg, Tokyo, and Peking, copies of which have been sent to all the European Powers, has been so misinterpreted from fragmentary reports by the daily press that we give it here entire:

> You will express to the Minister of Foreign Affairs the earnest desire of the Government of the United States that in the course of the military operations which have begun between Russia and Japan the neutrality of China, and in all practicable ways her administrative entity, shall be respected by both parties, and that the area of hostilities shall be localized and limited as much as possible, so that undue excitement and disturbance of the Chinese people may be prevented, and the least possible loss to the commerce and peaceful enterprise of the world may be occasioned.
>
> JOHN HAY.

The meaning of this note is not ambiguous. When war breaks out between two nations, every other nation has a right to declare its neutrality and to have its neutrality respected. Mr. Hay, in 1900, at the time of the Boxer movement, alone among Foreign Secretaries persisted in treating the Chinese Government as worthy of respect and in respecting her "administrative entity," and by so doing won for the United States not only the friendship of China, but the respect of the European Powers. Now, in conformity with the same principle, he asks both Japan and Russia to respect China, to recognize the Chinese Government as a reality, and to respect its right to remain neutral. At the same time he communicates this request to the European Powers, on the presumption that their indorsement and ratification of this request will not be without its moral influence on the combatants. There is in this note not the slightest suggestion that the United States proposes to guarantee the neutrality of China, or to fix the geographical boundaries within which the fighting between Japan and China may be carried on, or that it is proposed to the European Powers to do either of these things. The note is based on the assumption that there are moral forces as well as physical forces, and that even in war such powers as Japan and Russia cannot afford to, and will not, disregard the expressed judgment of mankind. There is nothing, it will be observed, in this note to define "the

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area of hostilities," except as respect for the neutrality of China puts limitations on that area. Such respect would certainly prevent Russia from marching her troops to Peking, a course which some newspaper correspondents have anticipated for her. But it would not prevent fighting in Manchuria, which her troops already occupy. Nor would assent to this note necessarily prevent Russia from maintaining her occupation of Manchuria, if she is victorious in the war, nor Japan from demanding the evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, if Russia is defeated. China proper consists of eighteen provinces south of the great wall and east of Thibet, and respect for the neutrality of China would not necessarily prevent the combatants from conducting the war in territory under the sovereignty of China but outside of China proper, certainly not in such provinces as are already involved in the controversy. Japan has already expressed her assent to the note of Secretary Hay, conditioned upon Russia's assent. Germany, England, and France have also already expressed their approval of it, and it may be expected that all the other European nations will in time follow the example thus set. The interest of all Europe in limiting the area of hostilities as much as possible will tend to this beneficent result. Incidentally, it is a matter of American pride that Mr. Hay has, by his wise and self-restrained diplomacy, achieved another victory for commerce, peace, and the rights of an imperiled nation, by a simple appeal to the general sense of justice enforced by the general interest of mankind.

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American Interests in San Domingo

There is much reason to fear that before long the United States will have to adopt vigorous measures in making its name respected in San Domingo. That turbulent island still continues to be harried by bands of insurgents representing at least three revolutionary movements. Nothing could be further, probably, from the wishes of the people of the United States than to assume responsibility for the conduct of the people of San Domingo. But not only has American property been destroyed and even American life taken, but the conditions are such that the representatives of other countries, notably Great Britain and Germany, are beginning to intimate that, if order is not established in some way, their interests will call upon them to interfere. Naturally, considering the proximity of the United States to the West India Islands, it is preferable that if there is to be interference it should be by the United States rather than by a European nation. A recent despatch from Minister Powell (who, by the way, is a colored man) specifies facts bearing out the assertion that American property interests at San Domingo are suffering heavily as a result of the insurrection. Thus, five hundred cattle belonging to a sugar plantation owned by Americans have nearly all been killed; a telephone line, the property of an American business firm, has been destroyed; another American concern has had an engine destroyed; a residence belonging to the Clyde Steamship Company has been burned. Foreign residents of other countries have suffered equally. Finally, the later statements about the shooting and killing by the insurgents of J. G. Johnson, a machinist of the United States gunboat Yankee, show that the killing was nothing more or less than deliberate and unprovoked murder. Mr. Powell says that the insurgents on the same day fired upon two men who were waiting for the launch, and that when the launch appeared they fired a volley at it which killed Johnson. Under instructions from Washington, Mr. Powell has sent, under strong guard, a note to the commander of the revolutionary forces demanding ample satisfaction. Enough has been said to show that the relations between the United States and San Domingo are critical. It is earnestly to be hoped that they may be adjusted by the establishment of some kind of permanent government in San Domingo capable of maintaining order on the island; at this moment, however, it cannot be said that such a government exists. In fact, the condition of affairs is little better than anarchy.

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In Congress While there has been no debate of notable significance in Congress during the last two weeks, several matters of considerable importance have been determined upon or brought before Congress. One of these is the agreement in the Senate to reach a vote on the Panama Canal treaty before February 23, so that in all probability the treaty will have become law before this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. It may be noted in this connection that General Reyes has been recently formally confirmed by the electors in Colombia, who were some time ago chosen by popular vote, as President of that Republic, and that he has sailed for Paris to give attention to the interests of Colombia in the legal disputes over the Canal Company which still continue in France. The Senate has had under discussion the proposed appropriation of $4,600,000 as a loan to the St. Louis Exposition, secured by a lien of forty per cent. on the door receipts. The measure was eloquently supported by Mr. Lodge, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Hale, Mr. Gorman, and others, and incidentally a great deal of not very applicable patriotism was displayed in speeches from Senators on both sides, which glowed with rhetoric. In the House the loan was carried as an amendment to the Urgency and Deficiency Appropriation Bill in the Committee of the Whole, by a vote of 161 to 95. In the House the Naval Appropriation Bill has been reported. It carries a total amount of over eighty-two million dollars, favors the continuance of the present plans for upbuilding and enlarging the navy, and specifically authorizes the building of a first-class battle-ship of 16,000 tons, two first-class armed cruisers of 14,500 tons, three scout cruisers of about 3,750 tons, and two large colliers. An instance of deplorable rapidity in legislation is to be recorded of the House, which on one day passed three hundred and twenty private pension bills in one hundred and fifty-five minutes. Long-continued applause from both sides of the House was accorded to the conscientious conduct of Representative Shafroth, of Colorado, in announcing that he voluntarily relinquished his seat because the contest made for it and the examination of the ballots revealed fraud in many precincts —fraud, it is needless to say, in which Mr. Shafroth had no part.

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Senator Hanna Marcus A. Hanna, United States Senator from Ohio since 1897, and Chairman of the Republican National Committee since 1896, died in Washington on Monday of this week, at the age of sixty-seven. Mr. Hanna was a generous and devoted friend of Mr. McKinley. An almost romantic attachment existed between the two men, and all the light that has been thrown on their relations shows Mr. Hanna in the attitude of an unselfish supporter and not in any sense a dictator. Mr. Hanna was a party politician who represented a system which is fast going into the background, to be supplanted by a view of public life and a practice of public duties of a much higher order. He was a business man in politics rather than a statesman. He looked at the interests of the country from a business point of view, and a legislator ought to look at the interests of a country from the standpoint of a statesman; which includes the care of business interests but includes also many things which lie outside of and beyond business interests. Mr. Hanna was a straightforward, upright business man, who carried his business virtues into his public life. He was a strong friend and an equally pronounced opponent. He stood loyally by the men who were associated with him, and, according to his conscience, he was a faithful public servant. He was anxious to secure a practical working relation between the workingmen and capitalists, and his endeavors in that direction were sincere and arduous. He succeeded in dissipating a great deal of the prejudice which workingmen entertained against him, and he largely gained their confidence. Among those who knew him well were many who became his warm friends; and during the last five years he had greatly advanced in the regard and confidence of the country. The best that can be said of him is that he was a large-minded business man in

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public affairs; the worst that can be said of him, that he looked at public affairs largely from the business man's point of view, and, in dealing with them, was largely governed by party considerations, and his party affiliations brought him into friendly relations with men whose methods were bad. In the fierce struggles within his own party it was charged, apparently on good authority, that his own methods were not above reproach. There were evidences that the larger interests of his later life were educating him out of machine politics into better methods and higher views.

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The Baltimore Fire

Baltimore business men are showing energy and good judgment in grappling with the problems of rebuilding the burned part of the city. The enormous sums at first given as estimated losses are now seen to be exaggerated, and it is thought that $30,000,000 will probably cover the claims upon the insurance companies. This insurance was very widely distributed, and all of the companies involved are able to cope with the heavy payments. Some of the agents even find a bright side to the calamity in the effect that it will have in "stiffening" rates for insurance, which, they say, have been too much lowered by competition. A gain to the city itself will be found in the adoption of a plan of rebuilding which will straighten out and widen the crooked and narrow streets of the congested district, and the citizens' Committee of Safety are urging the city authorities to issue no building permits until a complete plan has been agreed upon. President Remsen, of Johns Hopkins University, in a stirring talk about "The New Baltimore," well said: "This is not the hour for anybody to whine. Every citizen who is worthy of the name must set his shoulder to the wheel, and lend his aid to make our city better and bigger and handsomer than ever before." In this connection it may be noted that one of the serious losses of the fire was the destruction of many warehouses, uninsured, the income from which formed a considerable part of the support of the Johns Hopkins Hospital and Medical School. The humane and expert work of these institutions will now be curtailed unless the cause appeals to the sympathies not only of people in Baltimore but of those outside who know how fine and effective is that work. The fact that the section burned contained almost no dwelling-houses was one reason why there was no loss of life and little individual suffering, and this may suggest to some other cities the undesirability of allowing a mingling of large business blocks and tenement-house blocks in close proximity. The ease with which the fire, once under way, licked up stone, iron, and steel, does not encourage too much confidence even in the best modern "fire-proof" construction, and emphasizes the necessity of preventing fires from starting rather than the feasibility of putting them out from the outside. More stringent regulations as to the storage of combustibles are needed in every large city's business section. The repeated explosions that caused this fire to spread with such rapidity still remain unexplained. In the new Baltimore also it is to be hoped that something like uniformity of height may be obtained by mutual consent. One pleasant aspect of the disaster was the cordial spirit of what may be called inter-city friendship brought out. The assistance of the firemen from Philadelphia, Washington, New York, and many other places; the municipal offers of financial help; the fact that Washington newspapers put their plants at the service of their burned-out Baltimore contemporaries; the hearty recognition of these and other friendly acts by the Baltimore people—all had heartiness and human sympathy in an unusual degree. The New York firemen in particular won high praise for their courage and skill in saving the water-front and fighting off the fire from the East Baltimore district, where dwelling-houses are closely crowded together. New York City may well be proud of these men, who, with little sleep and without regular food, cheerfully and even jovially plunged into a forty-eight hours' long struggle in which their courage, endurance, and skill were tested to the utmost under strange surroundings and conditions.

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"The Apostles" Edward Elgar's oratorio "The Apostles," which was given last week, Tuesday, in New York by the Oratorio Society, has been presented only once before, namely, last October at the Birmingham Musical Festival, England, for which it was written. Though evidently in its style the work of the same composer as "The Dream of Gerontius" (of which our readers will remember we gave an account and estimate after its performance last March), it differs from it in construction and treatment. "The Dream of Gerontius" is a mediæval poem, by Cardinal Newman, interpreted by music equally mediæval in spirit though modern in resources. "The Apostles" is an oratorio based on words from the Scriptures which the composer has gathered together with great insight and arranged with dramatic power. In both works the music is as essentially a part of the dramatic construction as the music of Wagner is to his dramas, and, like Wagner's, is full of leading motives. At first hearing "The Dream of Gerontius" is more striking, impressive, poetic; it is by no means certain that "The Apostles," after it becomes familiar, will not seem to be the stronger and more real of the two works. As an example of the dramatic originality of "The Apostles" we cite the first appearance of Mary Magdalene. The scene begins with a quotation from the Gospel describing Jesus as he "constrained his disciples to get into a ship," while he himself withdrew to a mountain to pray. Then is heard the voice of Mary Magdalene crying unto God for mercy. She confesses her sinfulness and acknowledges that she withheld not her heart from any joy. Then, as a background to her prayer, is heard the chorus sounding the music of revelry. The hearers listen, as it were, to Mary's own memories as she struggles against them. The orchestra becomes more tempestuous. The storm in her soul finds its counterpart in the storm on the sea, and Mary sees the disciples toiling in the boat. Suddenly, as a figure like a spirit is descried on the waters, comes the voice of Jesus: "Be of good cheer, it is I." The storm quiets, and Mary in thankfulness acknowledges God's providence and sovereignty. Another dramatic and illuminating episode is that of the betrayal. Judas is pictured, not as a merely covetous and brutal man, but as a fanatic Jew, who by attempting to force Jesus to announce himself as the Messiah thought to bring worldly glory to his tribe. When it appears that his plan has miserably failed, the voices of the priests, the very priests with whom he made his bargain, sound from the temple the psalm of vengeance that comes to Judas like the audible voice of his conscience. Of Elgar's music it is possible to give here only a brief and inadequate estimate. His mastery of the technique of the art is indubitable. He knows how to obey the canons of art and how, when desirable, to overstep them. If at first some of his writing seems self-conscious, it is only fair to say that it seems less so with increased acquaintance. His harmonies and his orchestration are ultra-modern, while his choral writing and his figured music recall old-time contrapuntalists. Much in his oratorio reminds us of Bach, not only in its method (as, for instance, the recitatives) but even more so in its spirit of personal religious devotion, that is at the same time virile. Elgar, who is a devout Catholic, has made of these two works, "The Dream of Gerontius" and "The Apostles," the vehicle of his own faith. On his score appear the letters A. M. D. G.—To the greater glory of God.

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Felix Weingartner It was an impressive scene that occurred in Carnegie Hall on Saturday evening of last week. At the close of the concert by the Philharmonic Society the audience, with scarcely an exception, refused to leave the hall for several minutes, but, standing, clapped and cheered, while the members of the orchestra, arrested in their habitual sudden dispersion, half surprised, half enthusiastic, joined in the applause. What made this scene remarkable was the fact that the object of this demonstration was not a colorature singer who had capped the evening with a high note, nor a virtuoso pianist or violinist—in fact, was not, strictly speaking, a soloist at all. It was the

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conductor of the orchestra, Felix Weingartner. It will be remembered by our readers that the Philharmonic Society has adopted the policy this season of giving its concerts under different conductors. Already Colonne, the French conductor whose success we have previously recounted, Gustav Kogel, of Frankfort, Henry J. Wood, the English conductor, whose romantic and emotional interpretations made a great impression, and Victor Herbert, the American conductor, have led the Philharmonic concerts. Last week it was the turn of Weingartner. He had on his programme what were really three symphonic poems (one by Berlioz, one by Liszt, and one by himself—all programme music) and the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. His triumph, as a performer upon the orchestra, was his rendering of the Beethoven symphony. His manner of leading is such that it amounts to a commentary on the music. His gestures not only control the orchestra, but also (perhaps unconsciously) call attention to the part that each instrument or group of instruments plays from time to time. No better proof than his conducting is necessary to show the supreme importance in orchestral music of the conductor's personality.

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President Eliot and Dr. Washington on the Race Question

At a meeting held last week in New York City under the auspices of the Armstrong Association, for a consideration of negro industrial education and its bearing on the race problem, two especially notable addresses were made, one by President Eliot, the other by Dr. Booker T. Washington. President Eliot's address was significant because it was the expression of a representative New England educator, whose opinions may fairly be taken to reflect those of modern Puritans. He declared that the North and the South, the whites and the negroes, were agreed that the two races should be kept pure. He expressed his sympathy with the demand for a stronger arm for the law, and a more effective police protection against turbulent elements in the population, both North and South. He emphasized the importance of universal education, and his approval of carrying it on in separate schools and with the aid of National appropriations. And he indicated that the only material difference between Northern and Southern opinions was to be found in the fact that at the North no one connects political equality, that is, the possession of the ballot and eligibility to public office, with social equality—that is, with free social intercourse on equal terms in the people's homes. Dr. Washington made a conclusive reply to the absurd charges which have somehow got into circulation, that education of the negro has promoted crime among the negroes. "Not a single graduate of the Hampton Institute or of the Tuskegee Institute can be found to-day in any jail or State penitentiary. After making careful inquiry, I cannot find a half-dozen cases of a man or woman who has completed a full course of education in any of our reputable institutions, like Hampton, Tuskegee, Fisk, or Atlanta, who are in prisons. The records of the South show that ninety per cent. of the colored people in prison are without knowledge of trades, and sixty-one per cent. are illiterate." What was perhaps equally important, he showed conclusively that public sentiment in the South unmistakably and overwhelmingly approves the education of the negro. He sent out recently questions to representative Southern men, covering each former slave State, asking them what effect education had upon the negro, and received the following replies. They are so significant that we publish them in full:

1. Has education made the negro a more useful citizen?

Answer—Yes, 121; no, 4; unanswered, 11.

2. Has it made him more economical and more inclined to acquire wealth?

Answer—Yes, 98; no, 14; unanswered, 24.

3. Does it make him a more valuable workman, especially where skill and thought are required?

Answer—Yes, 132; no, 2; unanswered, 2.

4. Do well-trained, skilled negro workmen find any difficulty in securing work in your community?

Answer—No, 117; yes, 4; unanswered, 15.

6. Are colored men in business patronized by the whites in your community?

Answer—Yes, 92; no, 9; unanswered, 35. (The large number of cases in which this

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question was not answered is due to scarcity of business men.)

6. Is there any opposition to the colored people's buying land in your community?

Answer—No, 128; yes, 3; unanswered, 5.

7. Has education improved the morals of the black race?

Answer—Yes, 97; no, 20; unanswered, 19.

8. Has it made his religion less emotional and more practical?

Answer—Yes, 101; no, 16; unanswered, 19.

9. Is it, as a rule, the ignorant or the educated who commit crime?

Answer—Ignorant, 115; educated, 3; unanswered, 17.

10. Does crime grow less as education increases among the colored people?

Answer—Yes, 102; no, 19; unanswered, 15.

11. Is the moral growth of the negro equal to his mental growth?

Answer—Yes, 55; no, 46; unanswered, 35.

These answers ought to satisfy the people of the North that the expressions which occasionally come through Southern newspapers from Southern men, adverse to negro education, are either misreports or reports of men living something like half a century behind the age.

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The Students' Club

New York City is the largest student center in the United States. Each year five thousand young men begin their course of study in the city; besides these a thousand young men who have just finished their college course start in business life. It is estimated that over a fifth of those who come to study come as total strangers. These men are going to be more than ordinarily influential for the good or the ill of the Nation, and they are over fifteen thousand strong, carrying on their work under what are abnormal conditions free from the restraint and the wholesome impulses that are natural in their home environment. Only a small proportion of them are identified with the community as other young men are. They are out of the current of its life, and yet they bring with them to the great city a great deal of vitality. It is that this vitality may be rightly used, and that at least some of it may be expended for the benefit of those who, because of the narrow conditions in which they live, are devitalized, that the Intercollegiate Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association is sustaining two club-houses and nine tributary branches in different institutions in the city. The work is well organized. Before the end of the college year circular-letters are sent to the offices of the various college Christian Associations, asking for information concerning the students who are expecting to begin the next fall their work in New York City. This information is so tabulated that the New York officials know of each man what kind of service he is best able to render. Then the officials communicate with various churches and social settlements, ascertaining what kind of service is needed and suggesting in turn men who can be of service. As a result, young men who come to this city find here not only centers of social life in the Students' Club, with its two houses, its receptions, and its various meetings, but also the chance to use what leisure time they may have in social work. Some idea of the results obtained by this canvass and organized effort may be obtained from the following figures: Of 173 men, 80 are church members, 93 are not; 72 attend church regularly, 53 are apparently indifferent, 10 not found; four have left the city, and 34 are actively engaged in some kind of Christian or philanthropic work. Reports are yet to be received from 214 men. The value of this sort of work by the Young Men's Christian Association is obvious. It is an example of the change of emphasis, which we have more than once noted as characteristic of the Association in recent years, from the merely evangelistic and sometimes pietistic to the practical, from a religion of getting to a religion of giving. The Students' Club, as this Branch is denominated, is not and cannot be expected to be self-supporting; it needs the co-operation of people who are interested in this sort of work. It needs particularly a new headquarters more adequate alike for the use of the students of various schools in the neighborhood and for the center of intercollegiate religious life in the city.

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The Ethics of Creed Subscription

Fresh disquiet has arisen in the Anglican Church, but on a new point of controversy, not ritualistic but ethical—the right of ministers to dispute doc-

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trines which they affirm in the church services. Bishop Gore has called to account one of his clergy, the Rev. C. E. Beeby, for an article in the "Hibbert Journal" impugning the reality of the Virgin Birth. The Bishop wrote that clergymen who constantly recite the words of the Creed, "Conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary," cannot consistently hold their office unless they personally believe what they recite, and that he was bound to maintain the limits that "constitute office-holding in the Church of England." Upon this suggestion of want of honor Mr. Beeby tendered his resignation. Churchmen of the Broad school are somewhat excited by this event, and Canon Henson in particular has inveighed against the Bishop for "bigotry." In accepting Mr. Beeby's resignation, the Bishop, while forbidding him to minister or preach in the diocese, writes: "Though we do not agree with you, I think we are all likely to be the better for your act of self-sacrifice." A parishioner of Mr. Beeby, in sending him a check for £100, writes thus: "The opinions you hold are silently held by many other clergymen and by most of the educated laity; and if the expression of them is forbidden, the Church of England will cease to represent the real belief of Englishmen." The whole question of the ethics of creed subscription is thus reopened, and one result is likely to be a more acute degree of the dearth of suitable candidates for holy orders that has become already a serious problem in the Anglican Church. A writer in the "Hibbert Journal" last July attributed this dearth largely to the discrepancy between modern beliefs and ancient formularies, and the unwillingness of honest men to strain their consciences by assent to the latter. The natural way out of such a situation—a revision of the formularies—seems for the present impracticable. The formularies of the State Church cannot be revised except by or in concurrence with Parliamentary action, and just this is most repugnant to Churchmen. Were the Church disestablished, doctrinal revision might be undertaken, could the enormous inertia of Anglican conservatism be overcome. Perhaps the strain of the present condition may add to the pressure for disestablishment.

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"Young Barbarians at Play"

Americans are not unfamiliar with the extraordinary license allowed to university students in Great Britain on academic occasions, but a recent outbreak of disorder at the University of Edinburgh almost passes the bounds of credulity. Three thousand young Scotchmen made a stately academic event the occasion for a kind of disorder which ought to have brought the police within the precincts of the University. On the occasion referred to, Sir Robert Finlay, Attorney-General of the realm and Lord Rector of the University, was to address the students on international arbitration. The Prime Minister, Mr. Balfour, Chancellor of the University, presided. But the students would hear neither these distinguished speakers nor the concert which was to occupy a preliminary hour. Some of the singers, their voices drowned by riotous horseplay, quitted the platform; others went through their parts in dumb show. This over, Mr. Balfour announced amid noisy interruptions that the Dean of the Faculty of Divinity would "open the proceedings" with prayer. The Dean did so, but his prayer was rendered quite inaudible by the indecent tumult that continued. With a submissiveness to indignity that seems almost incredible, the Lord Rector then gave his address, inaudible, because of the uproar, except to those on or near the platform. At the end two students in character-costume came forward and presented him with a toy doll. This seems to have been the one unendurable act of license, for it is reported that these two are to be "rusticated." The remarkable thing in the British estimate of this occurrence is the qualified condemnation it has received, as only going too far. "A certain amount of good-humored chaff and sarcasm is permissible on such occasions," says the Birmingham "Post"—"the speakers expect to be baited." As a piquant condiment of high culture this baiting of dignitaries

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by young academicians seems intolerable to Americans, accused though they are of a characteristic irreverence toward what is venerable. Strange it is that in ancient centers of civilization a university assembly is the one place where public sentiment tolerates exception to the rule that scholars must conduct themselves as gentlemen. Such barbarism at the chief seat of Scottish culture seems to furnish fresh reason for education commissions to travel from Britain, to observe how things are done abroad.

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Treasure-Hunting in London

Yankee ingenuity has often been held responsible for a good many vagaries, but it cannot be made to father the extraordinary exhibition that we hear of from London. Apparently the idea that started it all originated with an enterprising journalist of Paris. Last October this editor announced that six bronze medals, good for 3,000 francs each, and one good for 7,000, had been hidden for any one to find who could. The statement aroused the frantic interest of thousands. A workingman discovered one medal glued beneath a park bench. The excitement grew so intense with each additional discovery, and, the advertising value of the scheme being obvious, so many other newspapers adopted similar devices, that the Government interfered and prevented the continuance of all "hidden treasure" competitions, on the ground that they were lotteries. Now a London weekly has made a similar venture. People out of employment, people of moderate means, well-dressed women, vagabonds, energetic youths, clerks, laborers, by hundreds and thousands, armed with chisels, knives, forks, screw-drivers, latch-keys, sticks, lighted candles, almost every imaginable kind of instrument (though the use of shovels and pickaxes was expressly mentioned by the paper as being unnecessary), roaming around the streets in groups, in units, in crowds, at all hours of day and night, have been poking, peeking, scraping, digging, cutting up the turf in parks, undermining walls, trampling over private grounds, tearing up streets, damaging trees. One man, following a clue given—"a fair lady"—went to Margaretta Street and dug a hole with a broken knife; he declared when arrested that he worked "in the mud in gutters chiefly." Another was found late at night scraping the ground with a stick in one hand and holding a lighted candle in the other. In a suburb a crowd of rough, profane men and youths gathered from all parts of London, wakened the occupants at two o'clock in the morning, and were finally dispersed only by about a dozen policemen. In one case a witness at hand declared that his friend, the prisoner, was merely touching the loose stones with a latch-key. "Oh, yes," commented the magistrate, "trying to let himself into the pavement." Many of the police courts are crowded, property-owners are vexed, and the London "Spectator" gives this continuous performance considerable editorial attention. Meanwhile, it is certain that all good Britons will continue to think of the French, the Japanese, and the Americans as volatile peoples.

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Education in China

The past twelvemonth has seen unwonted railway activity in China. The work on the American railway concession from Canton to Hankau is being hurried, as is that on the Belgian concession from Hankau to Peking. The Germans are building railways and opening mines, for which they have concessions covering the whole province of Shantung, while the Russians by their Manchurian railway have now made it possible for a Chinese to go from Peking to London in eighteen days. Unwonted political activity has also been manifest, so we learn from the just published report of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge among the Chinese. Though the audience question occupied the attention of the whole diplomatic body at Peking for thirty years, it now occasions so little difficulty that informal tea-parties given by the Empress Dowager have become quite commonplace. The first instance of the journey abroad of a Chinese prince occurred when the Emperor's brother, Prince Chun, went to Berlin to make an apology. Prince Chen, son of Prince

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Ching, the Premier, went to Edward VII.'s coronation. Prince Chen went later to Japan to study the institutions of that country. Another Prince is to go to the St. Louis Exhibition. But the greatest development is in the direction of schools and universities. The examination questions at the provincial universities show how the foreign leaven is working in China. Take, for instance, the questions asked in the province of Fukien:

Which Western nations have paid most attention to education? State the leading features of the military systems of Great Britain, Germany, Russia, and France. Which are the best colonizers? How should tea and silk be properly cultivated? Describe the government, industry, and education of Switzerland, which, though small, is independent of surrounding great powers.

Formerly the professors in the few colleges for the teaching of foreign subjects were all Americans or Europeans. Now the professors are nearly all Japanese. It is natural for China to turn to Japan, even though almost everything to be learned from the Japanese comes second hand. There is a natural racial sympathy, and if the Chinese are to affiliate with any people, it would properly be with one which has been under many of the same influences.

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Religion in China

Is the prospect of a possible pan-Asiatic combination under Japanese direction a cause for despondency as far as the propaganda of Christianity is concerned? No, replies the Diffusion Society. "Japan has realized that Christianity should be free, and she has not discouraged it as a teacher. She has only dreaded it as a political force." Of the sixteen thousand Protestant missionaries in the world, a sixth are in China. That their work is recognized by the nations is shown by the fact that recently the Chinese gentry in Shanghai subscribed many thousand dollars towards their International Institute, and, similarly, large sums of money have been contributed in Swatau, Amoy, Fuchau, Hangchau, Chifu, and wherever missionaries teach. A place like Wenchau, where the opening of a church was the signal for a riot, has now two churches, one holding a thousand people, and these are insufficient for those who would attend. At the opening of a Christian college there recently, all the thirty officials of the city attended the ceremony. In our opinion, the danger to Christianity lies in the indiscriminate increase of missionaries. The need is for men trained not only in Christianity, but in comparative religion, that a sympathy with whatever is good in the various religions of China may be fostered. Secondly, the need is for missionaries trained not only in English, but in Chinese, that the standard educational and religious works of Christendom may be translated as soon as possible. No less than four Chinese universities have been compelled to establish translation departments, because there were not in Chinese sufficient text-books to fit their curricula. The missionary opportunity is evident.

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The Meaning of the War

The war in the East is an issue joined between the twentieth century and the sixteenth. Curiously, it is the Western Power which represents the sixteenth century, the Eastern Power which represents the twentieth.

The eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were characterized throughout the West by a transition of society from autocracy to democracy, in every department of life. Industrially, the laborer was set free from his shackles and given ownership of himself; politically, the people were set free from absolutism and given a representation in government; ecclesiastically, the Church was set free from the traditions which had bound her thought and was given liberty of faith and worship; to the individual was secured in all western Europe a larger measure of those rights which in Anglo-Saxon communities he had previously enjoyed. The long conflict between Anglo-Saxon and Latin civilizations was really a conflict between the liberty inherent in Hebraic ideals as they are portrayed in the Old Testament, and pagan imperialism as it existed in ancient Rome.

The one European nation which did not feel the influence of this transition

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was Russia. She proved herself immune to the spirit of the age. The spirit of the sixteenth century still animates the empire and determines its institutions. There is no individual liberty in Russia. Any man may be arrested and imprisoned or exiled without a trial, a hearing, or even an accusation. There is no religious liberty in Russia. No man bred in the Orthodox Church may leave it; still less may he urge a different faith than that of the Orthodox Church upon his fellows. How little toleration Russian orthodoxy has for even an ancestral faith, if it is not orthodox, let Kishenev testify. There is no political liberty in Russia. The people have no representation in any popular assembly; none in a public and uncensored press; none in free and voluntary assemblies; none in public discussion; not even an unfettered right of petition. As there is no freedom of thought, opinion, or action, so there is no general system of popular education; partly because the conditions of life make it difficult if not impossible, partly because a State which does not permit freedom of action never provides for freedom of development. Russia in the twentieth century retains the absolutism of Italy, Spain, and France in the sixteenth.

Japan, on the contrary, has moved more rapidly than any other nation from repression to freedom, from absolutism to democracy. In half a century it has leaped from an Oriental despotism to a modern free State. Religiously, the citizen is free to change his faith and to persuade his fellows that by changing they will better theirs; politically, the people are represented in a free popular assembly related to the Mikado somewhat as the Houses of Parliament are related to the King of England; the right of petition, assembly, discussion, publication, is scarcely less safeguarded than in America; a system of popular education provides for that development which the law permits and promotes in practical exercise; and the individual, set free from the galling servitude to the military class which was an accompaniment of the old feudalism, has grown with extraordinary rapidity into a personal freedom unknown in any other Oriental country. In her spirit, her political and religious institutions, her agrarian life, Russia represents the sixteenth century, Japan the twentieth. The war is one between an Occidental State, autocratic in form, bureaucratic in fact, very slightly modified by contact with European civilization, and an Oriental State, reconstructed as a democratic nation in half a century by its free contact with the free peoples of the West.

To which of these two combatants are we to look for protection from the "Yellow Peril"?

There are 400,000,000 Chinese. They have patience, contentment, persistent not to say stolid industry, careful not to say excessive thrift, and reverence for the past—some of which virtues might with advantage be more sedulously cultivated in our eager but impatient, aspiring but discontented, people, with their too strenuous but fitful industry, their too enterprising and extravagant expenditure, their sometimes careless optimism, their sometimes more careless forgetting of the leaders and the lessons of the past. But what fires passion and prejudice might enkindle in this people the Boxer movement has demonstrated. What peril it may threaten to European civilization by military organization, if it were ever inspired by a military ambition and furnished with modern military arms, it is not difficult to imagine. What industrial peril it might threaten if something of the eager commercial spirit of the West should ever possess it, we have in America already imagined and endeavored to guard ourselves against by our anti-Chinese immigration laws. To the European dread of the "Yellow Peril" Russian journals and diplomats appeal. Guardian against the Yellow Peril Russia claims to be. Is she?

Whether the "Yellow Peril" is real or imaginary it is not necessary here to consider. It is certain that it is to be met and overcome not by sixteenth century but by nineteenth century methods; not by repression, but by noble inspiration and wise guidance; not by force operating from without, but by life developed from within; not by being chained

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by Russia, but by being set free by Japan. What all Americans must desire is that China shall receive the impulse which Japan has received, and shall be allowed to develop her own national life, her own race consciousness, as Japan has been allowed to develop hers. The "Yellow Peril" has become a peril only because Western nations have attempted to force upon China an internal life foreign to her inward impulses. She has been treated with contempt and has repaid the treatment with hatred. Russia may dominate but cannot vivify her and will not civilize her; for civilization must always be the product of a force working from within. It is not by repression of Chinese instincts, not by binding China hand and foot, not by partitioning her territory among the Western nations, not by attempting to impose on her the forms of a life which she is made to hate because it is imposed upon her against her will, that the "Yellow Peril" will be averted. There are Chinese reformers who covet for China the life of Japan; it is by cooperation with them that China is to be given the life which Japanese reformers have won for Japan. The wise diplomacy of Secretary Hay points in the right direction, the masterful and military methods of Russia point in the wrong direction. For Mr. Hay insisted on recognizing the nationality of China when all the other Powers were inclined to treat her as an anarchic mob. Mr. Hay has urged and won free ports through which modern life may enter China, while Russia has steadfastly and solidly fought against all freedom of commerce. And now again Mr. Hay urges all the Powers to recognize the right of China to remain neutral in the war between her Western and her Eastern neighbors, a right which Japan wisely concedes and which Europe is waiting to see whether Russia will concede. The neutralization of China looks to her integrity; the integrity of China looks to her free self-development; the free self-development of China under the leadership of her modernized Oriental neighbor looks to her gradual passing from a bureaucracy to a democracy, from a worship of the past to a hopeful aspiration toward a future, from a civilization which sacrifices the individual for the institution to a civilization which uses the institution for the individual, from a pagan absolutism which long antedates the sixteenth century to a Christian freedom which is the glory of the twentieth century.

This is the reason why the sympathies of the American people are with the Japanese in this war.

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A Lenten Thought

Room for God in the World

Many Protestant churches in the cities now stand open at all hours for meditation and worship; and during the Lenten season in the Episcopal churches, in addition to the usual daily services, brief special services are held, sharply limited in time, and largely attended. Men engrossed in business, clerks and employees, take twenty minutes out of their short luncheon hour for worship and meditation; and while the usual throngs are passing in the streets and the cable-cars rush along with clanging gongs, in some church in the very center of the turmoil a throng of worshipers find the silence and repose in which the still, small voice of God may be heard once more. Carlyle once gave expression to the passionate longing of hosts of men and women in the despairing wish that God would speak again. In earlier days he thought he could hear the voice of the Infinite in the speech and life of great souls, but for many decades no voice had come from the heart of the universe, no sound of recognition or of guidance had lightened the burdens or guided the feet of men!

This sense of isolation and loneliness has brought weariness and desolation to many sensitive spirits in this tumultuous age, and has driven many to find refuge in some form of mysticism or of ritualism. The rush and noise of modern industrial life sends those who cannot find strength and repose in the perception of its larger issues in the final betterment of the race back to mediævalism, with its few activities, its emphasis on devotion, its picturesqueness. In an

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age in which all things are boldly and sometimes brutally questioned and discussed, many who grow weary of the uncertainties of debate and long for the peace of authority not only in faith but in worship, and who are exhausted by the rush of manifold activities and the feverish interest of the time, take refuge in a worship which recalls the mediæval mood and expresses to the eye the submission and adoration for which the soul longs. Others, who care little for forms of worship and demand a more inclusive symbolism than the ritualist offers, take refuge from the fierce materialism of the age in some form of mysticism, and this decade has seen the same sort of revival of occult philosophies and esoteric teaching which found a foothold in Rome in the third century, and which the early Church, with a true divination of the vital issues at stake, resisted with resolute and uncompromising conviction.

To many neither of these solutions of the problem is possible; they cannot find rest in escape from existing conditions either by going back into an earlier mood or by ignoring the facts of present life and taking refuge in pure speculation or in an ideal world. For many the solution must be found where the problem is presented, and no solution is possible which does not accept at their full value all the facts of life. It is easy to create a world in which all things are spiritually ordered and harmonious; the real problem is to look the facts of this actual world full in the face, and find an interpretation which at the same time gives the actual its full value and discerns in it the possibilities of the ideal. The real question with every man is not, "What could I do under different conditions?" but "What can I do with these conditions?" The task of the thinking man is not to evade difficulties by creating an ideal world, but to find a divine order in this actual world.

The age is, in an unusual degree, absorbed in material interests and given over to material pursuits. In the evolution of society there has come a period when the physical needs of the race are great, and its opportunities on a scale never dreamed of in earlier periods. Forces and tools are now in hands of men of almost magical potency, and great tasks are laid upon their shoulders in all parts of the globe. That these tasks are absorbing too much energy and that men are neglecting for the moment other interests is evident; but those who condemn the age because it is less comfortable than some of the ages which preceded it show very great blindness of vision to its possible issues; and many of those whose artistic tastes are more thoroughly educated than their insight, whose idea of art is enjoyment rather than free expression of vital energy, are wasting in idle laments for the skill and feeling of other years the force which might better be used in bringing out the æsthetic uses of present conditions.

In the evolution of society a great working period has come out of which are likely to flow impulses and inspirations which shall make for the deepening and enriching of the highest life of the race. Life is so vast and tumultuous that people who live in their tastes rather than in the freedom and power of the creative spirit are often deafened and confused by it, and their cries of protest are pathetic in their futility. The stream sweeps on far beyond their vision, and in another age their outcries are remembered, if they are remembered at all, as illustrations of the fallibility of human prophecy.

We are living in as great an age as any that has preceded it; an age which is likely to do as much for the spiritual emancipation of the race. The tremendous tasks which engross men at the moment are material in their character, but they may have great spiritual uses; the wealth which society is accumulating is material in substance, but it may have magical powers of transmutation into health, freedom, education, wider happiness. It is idle to denounce a whole age, and ignorance alone makes it possible to pronounce against a universal movement in human affairs. It is not against our age that we ought to rebel, nor against the great movement of our time that we ought to protest; it is against too complete absorption in the age and in the movement that we ought to set ourselves. The tendency of all great

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movements is to be all-absorbing and tyrannical; and no movement has ever been more absorbing and tyrannical than that which is sweeping over the whole race to-day. Of that movement men must be either masters or servants; they must direct it or become its tools. To remain masters of it they must hold themselves above it; they must look down on it from the heights of the spiritual nature; they must hold fast by their divine birthright and heritage.

The greatest need of to-day is the opportunity of hearing the voice of God. That voice is speaking in this year of our Lord as distinctly as it has spoken in every year since man began to reckon time; the trouble is that men do not listen; in the noise and rush of the age they do not seek the silence and the repose in which the still, small voice becomes audible. What is sorely needed is the open church on the crowded thoroughfare at the rushing noontide; the quiet of a true Lenten season in the very center of the turmoil; the thoughts, memories, and prayers of a spiritual Lent in the sweep and stir of an age of intoxicating activity. We shall not find peace by escaping from our age into cloisters nor by evading its hard conditions; we shall find rest and refreshment and keep our souls alive by spiritualizing work and making room for God in the world he has made and of which he is always the master.

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Accommodating

It is not always easy to comply with even the simple requests of our readers. It was not long ago, we believe, that a lady begged Secretary Hay not to allow himself to die without giving to the world some account of Abraham Lincoln. Very much like that lady will seem to many readers of The Outlook a recent correspondent, who, after acknowledging the benefit derived from its columns, asks the editor to formulate an opinion on the race problem. Hardly have we finished reading his letter when another comes informing us that the race problem would soon automatically be evolved into a solution, if we would only stop talking about it. We have put our mind to devising some way by which we can please both of these our friends. Like the answer to many a difficult question, the way was found close at hand, and happily a way which involves no change in our custom. Hereafter we shall sometimes discuss the race problem—that will please the one reader—and sometimes keep silent—that will please the other.

Wu-Ta-Lang, the Chinese Unfortunate Man, was so short of stature, it is said, that when he was on the ground he could not reach the gymnastic bar, and when he was on the bar he could not reach the ground. An alleviating circumstance, however, occurs to the Occidental mind—he did not need to be in both places at once. Like Wu-Ta-Lang, we are human and have our shortcomings, but we have at least his measure of good fortune.

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An Increase of Library Influence

A few weeks ago a fire broke out in one of the twenty-five chambers occupied by the Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticana. This is the library of the Popes. In it are preserved more than twenty-five thousand manuscripts of inestimable value and an almost incredible number of copies, in many instances unique examples, of rare early printed books. Its worth has been increasing, not only by addition but by discovery; for instance, a scientific treatise on the stars by Galileo was recently found there. By great good fortune, the fire was finally extinguished before it had destroyed the most important and valuable collection of literary monuments in the world. An incalculable catastrophe was happily averted.

Quite recently the Turin Library, which almost ranks in value with that of the Vatican, was seriously damaged by fire, and at this moment it is impossible to estimate, indeed to guess at, the severe loss by the world of letters through the annihilation of thousands of important manuscripts and the sole examples of first editions of world-famed books.

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These include palimpsests of Cicero and Cassiodorus, Theodoret's commentary on the minor prophets, the Theodosian Codex, Pliny's "Historia Naturalis," and Plantin's Bible.

The Bodleian Library at Oxford and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris are housed in non-fire-proof structures, and so are other great libraries of Europe in which are stored many of the treasures of all literature. It is thus easy to imagine that a disaster similar to that which threatened the library at Rome and caused such irremediable ruin at Turin might at any time occur at Oxford, Paris, or wherever libraries are placed in buildings of a more or less inflammable nature.

In our opinion, the fires at Rome and Turin peremptorily call attention to the necessity of reproducing by photographic processes at least the more important manuscripts and early printed books whereof but one or very few examples are known to exist—the Venetus Iliad, the Paris Plato, the earliest copies of the Chanson de Roland and the Cid, the sources of English literature found in such works as the Codex Exoniensis and the works of King Alfred, documents relating to English and American history, and early scientific treatises. Scholars are always in need of these documents of past generations, not in the inaccurate form of transcriptions or reprints, but in that either of the originals or of exact facsimiles. Satisfactory results can be obtained only from such study. Manuscripts and reprints do not and cannot be made to serve the purpose of scholars. The very best transcriptions, no matter how carefully written, are not to be relied upon. There is always the chance and too frequently the certainty that they contain errors unavoidable by even the most painstaking transcribers. By certain phographic processes, correct, exact, and perfect reproduction is assured. Only to such reproduction may students turn with confidence in its accuracy, a feeling never to be enjoyed when use is made of transcriptions or of reprints, though never so carefully edited and proof-read. Permission to reproduce their literary treasures may, we are sure, be secured from the Bodleian, the British Museum, and other European libraries, on condition of supplying the library furnishing originals with one facsimile of each of its works thus reproduced.

Photographic reproduction, by collotype or other processes, of ancient manuscripts and rare books should be urged for a reason no less important than that of the preservation of literary and scientific monuments. An almost insurmountable obstacle to the advance of scholarship in America is the want of the original manuscripts, folios, and quartos necessary to historical, literary, and scientific research. These precious archives are jealously guarded in European libraries and cannot be removed thence. Consequently American professors and students are compelled to travel thousands of miles at great expenditure of time and money in order to consult priceless but irremovable manuscripts and books. Thus there is a pressing necessity for the reproduction of many important documents and rare books in European libraries. To the detriment of American scholarship, they are difficult of access to American students. The proposal to reproduce them is certainly reasonable and timely.

The initial expense of an enterprise to prepare these reproductions need not necessarily be great—say twenty-five thousand dollars. The privilege of making such an enterprise financially possible should, it seems to us, be coveted by some of the many liberal patrons of education, who in other lines have done so much for the advancement of American learning.

Especially is this so, as the enterprise would inevitably lead in America to the foundation of one or more great collotype libraries to which students of the humanities, literature, and the sciences would resort. In our opinion, these libraries would in time become the centers in America of scholastic exchange of thought. Students, brought face to face with first principles, would find inspiration in the books and documents which are the groundwork of the knowledge to be acquired.

We hope that the two library fires in Italy will teach their lesson in America.

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Japan and Her People

By the Right Rev. Charles H. Brent, D.D.

Bishop of the Philippine Islands

The land of blushing cherry-bloom
And tangle-haired chrysanthemum.

EVERY one has at some time experienced the pleasure that the first glimpse of a fair scene gives. Later on we may return to view at leisure the sight which caught our fancy as we passed by; but, whatever delight there may be in a second survey, it does not possess the charm of the first. The soft thrill of the earlier impression cannot be renewed, for you can see a thing for the first time only once.

These are days in which I am having my first taste of the East in its vastness and diversity. As I leave for a season the "Pearl of the Orient," America's ocean garden, and walk abroad in the garden of my neighbor, I have eyes chiefly for the poppy; but I cannot fail to catch a glimpse now and then of other and fairer flowers. Thus my present history is made up of a series of first impressions. Johnson (or was it Boswell?) advised the plucking of an impression while it glistened with the morning dew, and I am moved by his counsel to write as I travel, bearing in mind, on the one hand, that "travelers must often be mistaken," though not forgetting, on the other, that "in everything except where mensuration can be applied, they may honestly differ." If I fail to impart to my readers new information, at any rate I may hope to interest them by presenting familiar facts through the medium of a fresh personality.

Japan is indeed a garden. No word could better describe this fair land, whose strongest appeal is to the imagination, whose first love was nature, a love that has not grown cold. The Japanese peasant touches his native hills with an eye to advantage, but his utilitarianism is not crude. His art is second only to his skill as terrace rises above terrace, each rice-clad level as grateful to the eye as a well-kept lawn.

If I were to go on the principle that I had no brains above my eyes, I would say that the Japanese were humane in their treatment of animals. It is true that their horses have a dejected mien and that carts are overloaded, but I never saw an instance of that coarse cruelty that disfigures the streets of Christian Naples—and too often of Manila—and makes them a horror to the traveler. In Tokyo one day I watched the patient struggle of a drayman with his stubborn horse, which, from sheer perversity, stood immovable in the middle of the street. Coaxing and petting were of no avail; a bribe of sugar sweetened his mouth but not his temper; dainty morsels of grass failed to entice him out of his naughtiness; passers-by lent their muscle to the wheels of the dray—in short, every device that kindliness could invent was called into play without the desired effect. Yes, a whip was used, fiercely—on the bales which formed the load. The horse was struck but once, and then not with the whip but with the end of the reins. When I left the scene, the patience of the driver seemed to be as little worn as the stubbornness of the pony, which is saying a good deal. I am told that this is not a typical incident, so I shall refrain from generalization and merely remark that it was an exhibition of humaneness worth witnessing, an incident worth recording.

Inanimate life certainly comes in for a large share of tenderness. To the Japanese gardener—and every Japanese is a gardener—trees seem to be more than trees: they are pupils to be taught, friends to be served. In their early youth he trains them according to their bent, turning their eccentricities into beauty, trailing the lace-work tracery of some sprawling branch down a hillside or along a wall, planting them with fascinating irregularity—"carefully carelessly," as I heard it expressed in Japanese-English. On the other hand, so docile is the world of trees under the

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rule of these masters of arboriculture that, even if contrary to its bent, a tree is bidden retain its child-stature all its days, it cheerfully obeys. Perhaps the "dwarf Japanese," [1] as their Chinese neighbors spitefully call them, are inspired by their sympathy with nature to reduce the height of trees in order to make them more companionable!

Love passes into veneration as age overtakes a tree. With what sympathy are its infirmities ministered to! Yonder cherry-tree has fallen into decrepitude, but his feebleness is a signal for added care; crutches are placed under his arms, and a supporting bandage about his breast, while beside him stands the royal ruin of a cryptomeria made beautiful in death by the luxuriant vines whose green embrace forms its grave.

Foreigners find the Japanese a companionable people, and less inscrutable than the majority of Orientals. On several occasions, two conspicuously, our commission was entertained by those who could not speak a word of English, but quick wit, sympathy, and courtesy almost filled in the gap which can be bridged only by the use of a common tongue. At best an interpreter is but a slender isthmus to join two continents, as every one who has been forced to this expedient is aware. But when your host makes his personality speak to you so that you almost forget the presence of an interpreter, he achieves a triumph of sympathy.

English is quite extensively understood among students, owing to the fact that it is widely taught in schools and universities; and among officials because they are frequently sent abroad to pursue in America and England as well as in other countries such studies as will add to their efficiency in the positions they occupy. Baron Kaneko, who has been twice in the Cabinet, once with the portfolio of agriculture, once with that of justice, is an enthusiastic Harvard graduate and speaks good English; Dr. Nitobé, who is in charge of the tea industry and the experimental farm in Formosa as well as professor in one of the Japanese universities, spent many years in America, and not only speaks English but is a brilliant writer in that language; Mr. Myoshi, official interpreter for the Formosa Government, of Harvard '95; a bank clerk in Taihoku, a young engineer, a civil service employee, the chief of the Formosan government monopolies, severally told me that their command of English was due to a term of study or investigation in America. Three times I addressed in English Japanese audiences numbering from one to five hundred persons, and I was assured that the large majority followed easily all that was said.

The widespread and increasing knowledge throughout the Orient of the English language is not merely a matter of commercial convenience, but a bond of international union. As a rule, or at any rate frequently, the English merchant in the East scorns to learn Oriental tongues. He seems to feel that it would result in a loss of caste to do so. One Englishman said to me with all sobriety that a man could not learn Chinese and retain his mental balance! I shall withhold my friend's name lest some of his compatriots who have mastered that language turn upon him and rend him. Whatever the motives and causes that have encouraged or forced Oriental peoples to learn English, the effect is to weave a new strand into the cord that is beginning to bind East and West.

In the social life of Japan one misses the presence of dignified womanhood. The geisha girl, dainty, picturesque toy that she is, is a poor substitute for the matron invested with her rightful prerogative as queen of society, or for the maiden diffusing purity and refinement wherever she chooses to exert her true influence. The Japanese considers the Western woman too masterful, and is fearful lest the women of his nation should develop Western characteristics. I was told of an English girl who, after a year in the house of a wealthy Japanese as housekeeper, was dismissed simply because she was too efficient!

Japan went crazy once over Western thought and ways; but it was only for a day. The danger is past now, and

[1] Now that school-children are provided with benches, the average height seems to be on the increase, the explanation being that the national custom of sitting on the feet impedes the circulation, and in consequence the growth of the cramped limbs. It is in his legs, not in his body, that the Japanese is abbreviated.

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her people are as jealous as in the days of the Tokugawa dynasty of their national character and traditions. With a quickness and receptivity that is unusual, they discern and assimilate what in their judgment is worthy of imitation in other nations, though with discrimination and without servility. When we consider that Japan has been open to foreign influence for little more than half a century, that her island empire is cradled in Eastern seas, that her historic mode of thought and life is at the opposite pole from ours, the wonder is that Western ideas and customs leave any impression, or, exerting influence, that they do not make her lose her national balance in the process.

The compactness of the nation's life is Japan's defense against the unhealthy domination of foreign influence. Loyalty to a throne which sums up in itself the history of a splendid past, which is the personification of the empire, which has had an unparalleled continuity unbroken by dynastic revolutions in spite of the long ascendency of the Shoguns, is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the people. The difference between China and Japan is that the former begins with filial, the latter with patriotic, reverence; the former has only a race, whereas the latter has a national, consciousness. I happened to be on the train that carried the infant son of the Crown Prince to Tokyo from his country home. At every station officials, citizens, and school-children were lined up to offer homage to the wee scion of royalty. It was touching to see the profound obeisance of grave officers and aged men as the train moved in—though who is more worthy of reverence than a little child? The baby prince was old enough to smile and wave his hand from time to time at the bidding of his nurse. But he made only one speech, a speech so full of eloquence that there was no room for misunderstanding its meaning; it took the form of a lusty fit of crying toward the end of the journey, which said plainly enough, "Baby is tired of being prince, and he is going to be just plain baby"—though they say that Japanese babies never cry!

A loyal people best show their loyalty by obeying the laws of the land. This the Japanese do; they are pre-eminently a well-ordered nation. It is a common saying that "prohibition does not prohibit." In Japan, however, it prohibits as far as opium is concerned. The law is so rigid that it is not easy to get the alkaloids of opium even for medicinal uses, and for no other purpose may they be had. It is not extravagant to say that the only vicious use of the drug in the Empire (Formosa not included) is among the eight thousand Chinese resident in the principal ports, and apparently but few of these succeed in smuggling it in. It is only fair to add that the Japanese have no tendency to become victims of the vice; the horror of its bondage has been so vividly illustrated by their Celestial neighbors that the effective ounce of prevention has been administered from the beginning. I understand that cigarette-smoking threatened to become prevalent among the young, and a law was enacted accordingly forbidding boys under nineteen to smoke. The law appears to accomplish its end. It is an interesting phase of the opium law that not merely the sale or purchase but even the possession of the forbidden drug is penalized; a person having in his house an opium "layout," or the drug in any form except under medical order, is liable to punishment.

The loyalty of the Japanese in the face of war with one of the most powerful nations in the world we have had opportunity to witness. They leave no room for doubt as to their courage. Nor is it hot-headed, undisciplined courage. I do not think that it is fair to accuse her "chess-players"—such is the expressive meaning of a common Japanese word for "statesmen"—of indulging in a reckless or unduly aggressive game. The justice of her contention, even if it were not based on Russia's word of honor, is hardly disputable. It may be that many of the younger generation are keen for crossing swords with Viceroy Alexiev, but Japan's "yellow press" is no more a representative press than is ours in America. As a matter of fact, the gray-headed counselors whose balance and good judgment guided Japan

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through the perilous days of the last half-century are laboring for peace, if peace may be had without dishonor.[1] War, always a calamity, would be doubly so at this juncture of Japanese history. The national character would suffer whether Japan were vanquisher or vanquished. Recently born into international relations, she is too young to face the peril of so dazzling a victory as that over Russia would be, too undeveloped to bear the humiliation of being checkmated in the game. The stream of national life in the former event would become turgid and brawling; in the latter it would run shallow or even dry.

Our errand in Japan brought us into closer contact with officials than ordinarily is the lot of visitors. Interest, intelligence, courtesy, met us everywhere. There is an alertness and crispness in the official atmosphere of Japan that is stimulating. Many young men are in the front rank, and the hallmark of efficiency seems to be stamped on every department.

Baron Kodama, Governor-General of Formosa (or "Taiwan," as the Japanese, with a disregard for euphony, have renamed the island), until he assumed the vice-presidency of the army staff a few weeks since, also held the position of Minister of Home Affairs. The Baron is a conspicuous figure in political and army life, and it is probable that he will be the next Prime Minister, if he can be induced to relinquish his beloved Formosa; hitherto he would not accept a Cabinet office unless he could hold it concurrently with his governorship. Napoleonic in figure, eager in address, sparkling with humor, he is both a forceful and a pleasant personality. As an officer (Lieutenant-General is his rank) he distinguished himself in the war with China. His administration of Formosan affairs marks him out as a statesman. Though the war cloud was hanging heavy on the national horizon during our stay in Tokyo, he found time not merely to expedite our official business, but also to show us much civility and hospitality. He is always ready to talk of Formosa. Describing improvements in the capital, Taihoku ("Taipeh" and "Taihoku" are respectively the Chinese and the Japanese pronunciation of the same ideograph), he asked me if I knew the native city of Shanghai, and proceeded to say that "in Shanghai I would see what Taihoku used to be, and in Taihoku what Shanghai ought to be" in point of cleanliness and sanitation. Discussion turned upon the camphor monopoly. His description of a large camphor-tree was that "seven men joining hands could scarcely girdle it." I asked him if he knew of the *sequoia gigantea* of the Yosemite, and told a story illustrative of its size. For a moment he looked skeptical, then a twinkle came into his eye and he said: "Two men were climbing up a hill in Taiwan. They toiled up and up without seeming to get nearer the top. At last they reached the branches—and discovered that they were climbing up a camphor-tree!"

Dr. Goto, whose German education has left a strong mark on his personality, is second in authority in Formosa, and, during the absence of Baron Kodama in Japan, holds the reins of government. The law regulating the use of opium there is largely his creation—a law which, theoretically at any rate, is admirable. The population of the "Beautiful Isle," as the Dutch named it—and the name, let it be said, is well merited—is composed chiefly of Chinese (nearly two and a half million). It was deemed inadvisable to enforce a prohibitive opium law as in Japan, so the Government established an opium monopoly under its direct control. The hope is gradually to decrease the smokers by forbidding natives under twenty to use the drug, by an educational campaign, and by allowing adults who are addicted to the vice to smoke or eat opium only if they are individually licensed. Morphia-maniacs are encouraged to seek medical help to release them from their bondage. Dr. Goto believes that in the course of a few decades the island will be free of the curse, and, judging from statistics, progress is being made.

Japan's first experience in colonial administration is greatly to her credit.

[1] It is almost needless to say that Bishop Brent is writing many weeks prior to the recent breaking out of war between Russia and Japan.—THE EDITORS.

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Formosa bristles with problems, but they are being handled with judgment and skill. The interior is peopled with head-hunting savages, some of whom I saw on an expedition up one of the rivers; they are apparently intractable, and are continually harassing workers on tea plantations and in the camphor camps. They are small-boned and undersized, the women bearing broad tattoo marks on the face, from the nostrils to either ear. They are held in check by an advancing line of constabulary stations across the mountains. Ladronism has also been a serious difficulty, but that, too, is being suppressed, and the tide of progress is steadily rising. The prisons are models of industry and cleanliness, fine hospitals where advanced scientific work is going on have been established in various centers, railroads are being constructed, Keelung ("Keerung," as the Japanese call it; "l" is their shibboleth, whereas "r" is that of the Chinese) is fortified and its fine harbor is being deepened, and for the first time in her turbulent career Formosa seems to have a quiet and prosperous future before her.

The religious life of the Japanese Empire is not easily described. It is not an exaggeration, however, to say that to-day the Japanese are a nation without a religion. Shintoism is little more than an interesting historic relic, once the cradle of national tradition, now a venerable ruin. Buddhism, the question of its theoretic value being laid aside, is no longer able to inspire; whatever it may be as a philosophy, as a religion it is dead. I pick up a book on art by a Japanese of note, and its preface closes with a pathetic appeal to the Buddhist priesthood to renew its vitality and kindle the imagination as it used to do in the days of old. An admirable volume on "Bushido" (the "precepts of knighthood"), after giving a not undeserved meed of praise to the early influence of Shintoism and Buddhism, ends with the words: "Now its [Bushido's] days are closing—sad to say, before its fruition—and we turn in every direction for other sources of sweetness and light, of strength and comfort, but among them there is as yet nothing found to take its place. The profit-and-loss philosophy of utilitarians and materialists finds favor among logic-choppers with half a soul. The only ethical system which is powerful enough to cope with utilitarianism and materialism is Christianity; but as yet it has not divested itself of foreign accouterments."[1]

Japan confesses with the lips of her own people that she stands in need of something which the splendor of her past, the bustle of Western ways, the higher reaches of education—nay, which conventional Christianity—are powerless to impart; she is waiting for inspiration. With all her lasciviousness, her questionable commercial honor, her dramatic self-consciousness, she is responsive to noble appeals; she is a nation with ideals. Painfully—yes, ye critics, often blunderingly, no doubt—the patient missionaries of Christ have been working their way into the soul of the nation. They are conscious as no one else is that inspiration can come to Japan only through her own prophets, that all that is not essential to the well-being of God's kingdom on earth—foreign garments, Western ideas—must be stripped away before the full power of Christianity can be experienced, and they are always working with this end in view. It is wisdom, not self-importance, that explains the reluctance of the missionaries to give the Japanese church immediate autonomy; the times are not yet ripe. Slowly from the bottom upward Christian truth is making its royal progress, and in one season Japan's prayer for abiding inspiration will be answered throughout her length and breadth.

[1] "Bushido, the Soul of Japan," by Inazo Nitobé.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT THE CITIZEN.—The next installment of "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," by Jacob A. Riis, will appear in the issue of The Outlook dated March 5, the illustrated Magazine Number for March.

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The Education of Lincoln[1]

By Hamilton W. Mabie

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is often classed with those whose success is inexplicable from the standpoint of preparation, and his career is frequently used as an illustration of the current fallacy that a man's success is due wholly to his native force, to his power of will, to the genius with which he was born, and that his training is of secondary importance. In the emphasis which our institutions and life lay upon individual initiative, upon the free expression of the personal force in every man, we often slur the value of training, and relegate to a secondary place that discipline by which alone a man becomes master of the ability which nature has given him. As a matter of fact, education, in the large sense of training for a man's work, can never be separated from his natural capacity. The two are inseparable; and no man harvests his genius, or touches the highest point of achievement, unless he reinforces natural ability with thorough education. No great spirit ever went to the front in human affairs, and no great achievement was ever made in any department of human life, without adequate training. Great deeds are not done by accident, nor do great men arrive at great positions by fortunate circumstances. The path is easier for some men than for others; but by all men the path must be trod with resolution, with intelligence, with cumulative power. No man climbs to the loftiest heights until he has trained himself by easier ascents; and great works are always preceded by lesser works.

. . . . . .

Two kinds of education Lincoln required, and both he secured. In a democratic community a man must have command of some form of expression if he is to establish his authority, to carry conviction, and to push his policies into execution. Born on the old frontier, under the roughest and crudest conditions of the life of ninety years ago, Lincoln had almost no opportunities of formal training, but he had that passion for knowledge which is perhaps, next to character, a man's most fortunate possession. He went to school, as he has told us, "by littles;" and his entire regular training at the desk, with the text-book, and at the blackboard did not exceed a year in time. The intellectual curiosity which possessed him, however, was independent of school privileges, and he was by instinct, and he became by practice, an indefatigable student, who seemed to feel the educational value of every bit of life that came his way, every kind of knowledge that was accessible to him, every fragment of time upon which he could lay his hand. One of his classmates reports that he was always at the head of his class and passed them all in his studies: "He lost no time at home, and when he was not at work was at his books. He kept up his studies on Sunday, and carried his books to work so that he might read when released from labor;" and his stepmother declared that she had induced her husband to permit him to read and study at home as well as at school, and that in the family they took particular care not to disturb him when he was reading, but to let him read on and on until he quit of his own accord.

Very few books were within his reach, but those books were of the best; and there are a few books in literature of such vitality, insight, and comprehension of human experience, that any one of them is sufficient to educate the man who knows how to use it. It has been said that three books would make a library—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Blackstone's Commentaries; and Lincoln has left on record his devotion to these masterpieces of writing. It happened, as such things always happen to men of the Lincoln type, that the very books that he needed for his education were the books within

[1] Address delivered at the eighteenth Annual Lincoln Dinner of the Republican Club of the City of New York at the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday evening, February 12, 1904.

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his reach. To begin with, there was that great literature in prose and verse which we call the Bible; a library of sixty-six volumes, presenting almost every literary form, touching at many points the highest altitudes of human thought, sounding in many places the deepest depths of human experience, and taking again and again the most exalted forms of literary expression. These books, translated at the happy moment when the English language had just received the impress of the genius of some of its supreme masters, he knew intimately. These sixty-six books emancipated him at once from the harsh and narrow conditions in which he was born; they set him in the great currents of human life; they brought before him the highest ideals of human character; and, above all, for the purposes of his education, they presented to his imagination the loftiest examples of human speech. Then he found in "Æsop's Fables" another of the great text-books for the education of the race, a mine of knowledge of character and of life; he found in "Robinson Crusoe" a masterpiece of clear statement, and in "The Pilgrim's Progress" a classic of pure English. Such books as these, in the hands of a boy of genius who was able to interpret them without the aid of commentaries, who knew by instinct the places in which they lived, who read with his imagination as well as his intelligence, brought the university within the limits of the log cabin and enabled the untaught provincial to become the man of his nation and one of the men of the world.

These books were his companions; there were others which he casually met and from which he derived much, for he read every book for a circuit of fifty miles. That old-fashioned biography, Weems's "Life of Washington," was the beginning of his political education; and in 1861, speaking in the Senate Chamber at Trenton, he declared that the stories he had read in that inadequate and not entirely trustworthy volume had fixed themselves forever upon his imagination. He saw, as a boy of genius would see, with his eyes as well as his mind, the crossing of the Delaware, the daring march on Trenton, and the skillful attack on Princeton, those brilliant illustrations of the generalship of Washington which instantly commanded the attention and won the admiration of military experts on the other side of the Atlantic.

One of his companions reports that when he and Lincoln returned to the house from work, Lincoln would go at once to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. "We grubbed, plowed, weeded, and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance while at work in the field or in the house, he would stop and read." It was at this time that the boy borrowed a copy of Weems's "Life of Washington." "Late in the night, before going to rest, he placed the borrowed book in his only bookcase—the opening between two logs of the walls of the cabin—and returned to dream of its contents. During the night it rained, and the water, dripping over the 'mud-daub' on the book, stained the leaves and warped the binding. Abe valued the book in proportion to the interest he had in the hero, and felt he owed the owner beyond his ability to pay. It was with the greatest trepidation that he took the book home, and told the story and asked how he might make restitution. The neighbor from whom he had borrowed the book said, 'Being as it's you, Abe, I won't be hard on you. Come over and shuck corn three days, and the book is yours.'" After reading the book, he used to tell this neighbor, "I do not always intend to delve, grub, shuck corn, split rails, and the like." His whole mind, this neighbor adds, was devoted to books, and he declared he was going to fit himself for a profession.

A little later Shakespeare and Burns came his way. They were men like himself, sprung from the people, with a passionate interest in the ways and words of the people, and, like him, they were self-educated. Their estimate of life, their knowledge of the human heart, their greatness of speech both in the dramatic and lyric form, captivated the imagination of the untaught boy, and they

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became his familiar companions. This was the beginning of a knowledge of these two masters of the poetic form, intimate and of the heart, which in later years proved an inexhaustible resource to the heavily burdened man of affairs, and made him an acute critic of both poets.

If Lincoln's education had stopped with the process of absorption, he might have become what Bacon called a full man; he never could have become a master of human speech; but the passion for expression was as urgent in him as the passion for knowledge, and his education in the faculty of clear and convincing speech was as thorough and, in some respects, for his particular purposes, more fortunate than that of any other man of his time. He was as eager to talk and to write as he was to learn, and he lived in a time and a community in which effective speech was at a premium. He was continually putting into his own language thoughts and phrases which clung in his mind. He turned to account every smooth surface upon which he could put his hand; the surface of the broad wooden shovel which stood beside every open fire in every log hut, the flat side of logs, the smooth plane of shingles—everything upon which a record could be made bore the impress of his indefatigable passion for expression. Years afterwards, when he was making that group of notable speeches in the East which began at Cooper Institute, a teacher of literature in one of our leading universities, drawn to him by the ideas for which he stood, was astonished at his command of English. After hearing him two or three times he sought an interview with Lincoln and asked him how he had secured his style. Lincoln expressed great surprise that he had such a thing as style, but, being pressed for an explanation, he recalled his early habit of keeping in mind until night new or unusual words or phrases which he heard in conversation or came upon in books and newspapers, thinking them over until he had gotten at their meaning, and then turning them into his own simpler speech. This practice, kept up until it became a habit, was the basis of his training in expression, in which Lincoln excelled. His skill as a debater, the human interest of his speech, his power of illustration, his quaint humor, soon attracted attention, and wherever he appeared boys and young men, and, later, older men, gathered about him to hear him talk. He did not make use of the conventional language of his time. There was a clearness about his thought, a directness in his statement, point and pith and freshness in his phrases, which arrested attention. In argument he constantly used analogies and made his meaning clear by an inexhaustible stock of stories, anecdotes, and tales. He seemed to have an innate capacity, reinforced by the best kind of training, for giving abstract thought simplicity and currency by turning it into the common speech of the men about him.

The air of the time was electric. Great questions were mooted in every country store, in every school-house, in every place where three or four men met. Books and newspapers were few; public speech was the chief instrument of political education. Every man was a politician, and every man, therefore, a debater. The boy Lincoln, the man of the people who was to be the leader of the people, was being educated day by day and year by year in the places where training for his purposes was most vital, searching, and fruitful. No university of his time could have brought to bear so many vitalizing influences upon him, nor could any English department have given him so genuine and thorough a training for the work he was to do.

Two qualities were already characteristic of this youth who was getting his education in the great school of life: the power of clear analysis, the ability to think straight to the end, to get at the heart of a question, to discard all extraneous and irrelevant matters, and to lay bare fundamental principles; and the corresponding qualities of expression—clearness, definiteness, the vital logic which transmits the entire process of man's thinking from his own mind to the mind of the man who listens to him. To these qualities must be added the possession of the literary sense, the feeling for the effective phrase,

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for the fitting word, for the luminous illustration, the vivacity of an original mind, the freshness of intellectual curiosity, the flavor of a marked personality; above all, that great gift of humor which, with possibly a single exception, has been the possession of all the greatest masters of the art of literature—that quality which without cynicism lays its finger lightly and tenderly upon the weaknesses of men, brings into clear light the contradictions of human character, and envelops a whole discussion in the atmosphere of a broad, genial, thoroughly humane mind. These are the lines of Lincoln's specific training to define what was in the hearts of the men of his time, to interpret their ideals and their practical needs, and to give him a command of what may be called the fundamental qualities of human speech—those qualities which give a man's utterances depth and breadth, sympathy and light, which at the same time appeal to the confidence of men and convince their intelligence.

When we come to the broader education of this extraordinary man, his training in statesmanship, his knowledge of the historic principles at issue in the great crisis of which he was a conspicuous leader, the secret of his authority, we find ourselves face to face with the noblest and most fundamental characteristic of the American community. There are many things which are better done under other forms of government than under a democracy. If it be true, as a great German publicist has said, that administration is two-thirds of liberty, it is quite certain that this country has a great deal to learn before it has fully compassed the resources of liberty, or fully and finally developed them. So far as conditions of life are concerned—the protection of the individual, respect for his personality, guardianship of his privacy, care for his health and comfort, ministry to his love of beauty—this country has still an immense deal to learn from the older communities. Nor is there any question that in many respects democracy is the most expensive form of government devised by men. So far as it has failed to realize the highest ideals of the men who believe in it, it has failed because we have not been willing to pay the price which it exacts. Mr. Kidd laid his finger on the secret of a great deal of the lack of nobility in our public life when he said that the defect of America is the lack of civic self-sacrifice. To make the best and get the most out of democratic institutions demands greater surrender of time, comfort, and energy than the American people have yet been willing to make.

On all these sides the democratic order is open to serious criticism; but these defects, which must be cured in time, are more than counterbalanced by that influence which issues out of the very heart of a democratic society, and of which Lincoln was not only the embodiment, but the product. He was a man inspired by the democratic spirit and formed under democratic conditions. He was educated by the structure of society in which he lived, and by the atmosphere of his country. He was taught to believe that a man is incomparably more important than his conditions; that every man commands his own destiny, that all achievements are possible to the courageous soul, and that in a democratic society every man goes to the place where he belongs. If our civilization had done nothing but produce Abraham Lincoln and Ralph Waldo Emerson, it would have justified its right to be; for these men, at the opposite ends of society, the one without formal opportunity, the other commanding all the resources of the richest culture of his time, are alike in this—that they both proclaimed and illustrated the supreme dignity and value of the human spirit; the right of a man to be himself without regard to the conditions in which he happens to be placed. There went into Lincoln, as there goes into every open-minded American boy, a sense of the supreme value of manhood as the determining factor in the man's life; and during his whole career he was urged on by those incentives to endeavor which evoke the best that is in a man and which set his personality free.

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As he had prepared himself by specific and long-continued courses of training in the habit of clear thinking and of convincing expression, so he

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prepared himself, by alertness of mind, by receptivity of spirit, by constant investigation and meditation, not only to share in the government, but eventually to be the government. As he rose the horizon about him continually widened. First an ignorant boy on the old frontier, later a provincial lawyer, then the legislator for a State, then the representative of a section; elected President by a great division of the country, he became finally the Chief Magistrate of the whole Nation; and it is one of his supreme claims upon the admiration of the world that, while the household over which he ruled was rent by division, to him it was to the very end an unbroken family, and in the bitterest and fiercest of civil wars he was as free from sectional hate, from the narrowness of partisanship, from the political bigotry of his time, as is the peak of the mountain range upon which the light falls, undimmed and splendid, when all the lowlands are enveloped in clouds of mist. The man who had this capacity for growth, who left the old frontier behind him, who outgrew Sangamon County, who was larger than Illinois, who was greater than the North, who was commensurate in his genius and his spirit with the Nation, was not machine-made. The mechanical processes which helped in his advancement seemed never to touch his spirit. A politician of remarkable shrewdness, he was a statesman by instinct, by conviction, and by training, and he stood out at the end as the first National man, emancipated from sectionalism, a generation in advance of his time, a prophet no less than a President.

Genius is never wholly explicable, but it is never a freak of nature. The initial forces are not clearly revealed, but the processes by which it reaches its development and makes its achievements are often traceable. It was no accident that, in a time when political discussion was carried on in terms of passion and prejudice, Lincoln always appealed to the reason. He had acquired the habit of clear thinking; he rested in general principles; he had the statesman's instinct for constructive thought. As definite in his convictions as the most passionate man about him, he was singularly free from those baleful fires which burned in so many of the advocates of his time. In a period which accepted the most extravagant rhetoric as the highest kind of eloquence, he was a man of simple, sincere, and beautiful speech, and he alone among the champions of freedom in that fervent epoch has made permanent contributions to the literature of the world. In public speech he was a generation in advance of most of his contemporaries; free from exaggeration, from the high-sounding and bombastic phrase, from the spread-eagleism which was the fashion of his time. He was separated by leagues from the type of political orator whom he once described as "mounting the rostrum, throwing back his head, shining his eyes, opening his mouth, and leaving the rest to God."

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A few years ago I happened to be coming down from the Senate Chamber at Washington with two of the oldest members of that body; men who had been in public life for nearly half a century and had become veterans in the public service in both houses of Congress. These gentlemen recalled that dreary morning when Mr. Lincoln arrived in Washington, more like a fugitive than like the head of the Nation. They remembered how he had come to the House of Representatives and stood there in the light of that late February or early March morning, gaunt and haggard and most ungainly to the eye. And they, who had known and respected him, told me how their hearts sank as they looked at his uncouth figure and wondered whether there was in him the capacity to deal with the great crisis fast approaching. You know the story of those four years; how wide was the distrust of his abilities, how serious the questioning of his wisdom on the part of many of his political associates. You know what misgivings there were through the country at large; how uncertain at moments the President seemed to be in regard to his own policy; what a storm of criticism, suggestion, and appeal assailed him from all sides; how he seemed to waver, although, as Mrs. Stowe has said, he was like a great cable, rising and

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falling with every tide, but fast bound at either end. You know how first one and then another of his closest advisers learned that the President was the head of the Government; how slowly among his own political associates there grew the discernment of his singular wisdom, his rare sagacity; how the confidence of the country went out toward him; how even his enemies began to catch glimpses of his greatness. And then, at the very climax of his career, when, after the long storm, the clouds parted and the sun shone and the birds sang, the last thunderbolt struck him, and there began that marvelous transformation, almost without parallel in the history of the world, by which the untrained boy of the old frontier became the idol of a Nation and one of the most heroic figures in the history of the race. First, as Thorwaldsen has said, the clay model, then the plaster cast, then the finished marble. First bare, rugged strength rising like a great mass of rocks against the horizon, then the clefts gathering moisture and verdure, then foliage and flowers creeping to the summit, and the light of sunset on it all; first rude vigor, then tempered strength, then a great human spirit, touched with the pathos of infinite patience and sorrow; an ideal American who had climbed from the bottom to the top, who had educated himself by the way, and in becoming supremely great had remained supremely human. At the close of the war the oldest American university gathered her children about her to celebrate the heroism of her dead, and called one of the greatest of American poets to pronounce their eulogy, and Lowell made the "Commemoration Ode"—one of the nearest approaches to great poetry yet achieved on this continent—a pedestal on which to place the figure of one whom he called "the first American."

A Word on Italian Immigration

By William D. Foulke

United States Civil Service Commissioner

THE report of the Commissioner of Immigration for the year ending June 30, 1903, furnishes some instructive figures. The total number of immigrants is 857,046, or 32 per cent. more than the preceding year.

The three capital sources of immigration are:

Italy	230,622
Austria-Hungary	206,011
Russia	136,093

Italy, therefore, still heads the list, and the number of those who come from that country has increased during the past year in a percentage even greater than the total number of immigrants. Now, many Americans have no little prejudice against Italians, and special regret is often expressed that the immigration to this country consists so largely of Sicilians and of people from the South of Italy, while the more intelligent inhabitants of the Veneto go to the Argentine Republic. There is a widespread belief among us that the immigrants we are receiving represent the mere dregs of the Italian population. We fancy them ignorant, priest-ridden, lazy, unclean, dishonest, and revengeful. They have ways that we do not like. For instance, in their quarrels they use the knife rather than the nobler pistol which they cannot afford to buy. We picture the land they come from as the home of the brigand, the Anarchist, and the Mafia, and we fear that they will corrupt our citizenship and taint our American blood.

Of course there is some basis for our prejudice. The traveler in southern Italy sees a good deal of rags and beggary and dirt, but not half so much as used to be prevalent there, and nothing like as much as has been pictured in the reports of the travelers. As to brigandage, it is practically extinct. I traveled last summer, alone and on foot, in perfect safety, apart from the highways, and in places which would have been

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very insecure a generation ago. I am of the opinion that there are fewer highway robberies in Sicily to-day than in Chicago, New Orleans, or St. Louis, and that a railroad train is less likely to be held up in Italy than it is in our own great West. There are Anarchists in Italy as there are Anarchists in Germany, and there is a far better excuse for Anarchy in a country where the great mass of a population is oppressed by economic conditions which are insupportable; yet we justly regard our German immigration as a source of strength to the country. It is true that the Sicilian is often revengeful. The vendetta still exists; but it is no more persistent, nor fatal in its results, than in some of the counties of Kentucky.

The vices of the Sicilian and the South Italian are those which have come from ignorance and from wretched misgovernment in past times. They are slowly disappearing with the better conditions which prevail to-day, and will disappear still more completely if the burden be wholly lifted. Many of the inhabitants of the city of Naples, it is true, appear to me to be degenerates, but this is not true of other places in southern Italy, nor is it at all true of Sicily.

In point of fact, the class which we are getting, while it represents a low stratum of society, is perhaps, for the purpose of assimilation, the very best which Italy can send us. We are getting the hard workers, while it is those who stand higher in the social scale, as well as the paupers who stand lower, that have been most deeply corrupted by past conditions. The laborers who come to us have bodies which are capable of great physical endurance; they are industrious, sober, economical, prolific. These are virtues of no mean character. Even in the matter of honesty, the Sicilian is far better than he has been painted. When at Taormina last summer, I was surprised to notice that the German proprietor of a bric-à-brac shop, where there were valuable jewels, left his premises unguarded. I asked him how he could venture to do this in Sicily; he told me that he might leave the door open for a week and that no one would disturb anything in his shop. Could as much be said in any American town? He added that the Sicilian, while he might take any possible advantage in a trade, would very rarely steal. It seemed to me that these were ear-marks by which I could recognize many of my own countrymen.

Going to the West of Sicily, I found near Palermo that the condition of the rural population was very wretched, owing to the large estates occupied by proprietors, who, themselves subject to heavy taxes, extorted the utmost work from the laborers, giving them the lowest possible wages—twelve hours' labor or more for about twenty-five cents. The peasants' diet was hardly more than bread and water; macaroni perhaps a few times a week, meat only once in a long while. These poor creatures, naturally, fled, if they were able to get away at all, until, as my informant told me, there were neighborhoods that were becoming "spopolato." My informant insisted that the condition of affairs was worse in many places than at the time of the Bourbons (which, however, I doubted), on account of the heavy taxes made necessary by the large armaments required from Italy as a member of the Triple Alliance. Everywhere I heard the complaint of these dreadful taxes, which, however, are now being reduced.

It seems to me that the effect of this immigration is distinctly good, not only upon the immigrants, but upon ourselves. A man who comes from a country where life has been so hard finds little difficulty in acquiring a love for his adopted land, where the conditions are so much better. On the Italian steamer, returning from Naples, I conversed with many who had lived for years in America, had gone back to Italy on a visit, and were now returning to their adopted land. In every case their language was enthusiastic. They told me how they had come with nothing, or how they had begun to acquire a competence, how much better America was in all ways than the Old World. Others were coming for the first time; they had been sent for by relatives who had done so well that they had urged their parents, their

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brothers and sisters, to follow them. There will be no difficulty in finally assimilating such immigration as this, especially if we can keep it out of the large cities and scatter it on farms or in smaller communities.

The past history of the world seems to show that, within certain limits, mixed blood is the best, and that the more movement there is in a community, so long as it be healthful and voluntary, the greater the energy developed.

A member of the Mosely Commission asked me a few days since in what way the educational system of America produced the energy of American character, and said that a great deal had been spent on popular education in England, Canada, and elsewhere, without satisfactory results. It occurred to me that our energy was not so much the result of our educational methods as it was of our stirring life, of the shifting of our population, and of the new accretions of energetic elements that come to us by immigration. There has been less of this movement in the South than elsewhere, and there is less progress there. The places to which immigration comes in largest quantities, New York, Boston, Chicago, and some of the agricultural regions of the Northwest, are the most progressive parts of the country. This immigration is, I think, partly the cause and partly the effect of progress and prosperity.

However undesirable, at a mere cursory glance, this large and constantly increasing stream of foreign immigration may appear, I am satisfied that, in the end, the coming to our shores of a people industrious, enduring, prolific, and constituting the more adventurous part of the population of Italy, is bound to add to the vigor of our race and to help keep it from decay.

The Women of America

Sixth Paper—The Woman from the College

By Elizabeth McCracken

MR. CHARLES F. THWING, President of the Woman's College at Cleveland, in speaking of the fundamental principles which should govern the various processes of collegiate training for girls, once said: "Women go to college that they may go from college."

This sentence is typical of much that we must grant concerning the entire body of our institutions of learning in America. With our vast and incomparable system of public education, we are very far from being a nation of scholars. The histories of the universities and colleges of America all go to prove that scholarship in America has been considered, always, merely as a means to an end. Our colleges for women have been founded not so much because we love learning as because we prize the efficiency which learning develops.

Girls in America go to college that they may thereby the more readily become, not able scholars, but capable women; that they may go from college the more completely equipped, not to look at life, but to live. The first thing and the last thing which the woman's college of America stimulates and cultivates in its students is a fine quality of self-reliance. The college-bred woman is a person of resources.

Not long ago, an acquaintance, to whom I had just told the good news of the continuous advancement of a mutual friend in her chosen occupation, said in comment: "It is not so much because she is brilliant that she succeeds as it is because she is always prepared for emergencies, however great—"

"Or small," I added.

"You are thinking of the magnet," was the quick reply.

"The magnet?" I questioned.

"Yes," my acquaintance explained. "One day, at college, one of the other girls dropped her eye-glasses in a nar-

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row opening between two walls. She couldn't reach them, and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach."

"But they didn't?" I asked with interest.

"No," answered my acquaintance. "Our successful friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and, lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew up the eye-glasses."

Happily, this delicious story was recounted to me before, in the course of my investigation, I had visited any colleges. At each one of the many girls' colleges in all parts of the country to which I went during the winter and spring, I repeated it to some person connected with the particular institution; and invariably that person exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!"

It is not unnatural that the influence of the woman from the college should be, as it is, so frequently of an academic character. Her scholastic training has taught her to value that particular training. Earlier in the history of American women, the college woman became a school-teacher because, of the few professions open to her, teaching was the most widely open; at the present time she teaches, if she teaches, because she believes that the process of intellectual education represents a benefit not only gracious and pleasing, but most vitally necessary. It is her chief enthusiasm; and, like any large enthusiasm, it makes itself felt.

A college woman of this type who held a position for one year in a high school in a new and somewhat crude Western city effected in that interval such a revolution in the educational methods of the community that at the present time—very nearly nine years later—the town is unique. It has, as it had when the woman from the college went to it, an enormous pork-packing establishment, by means of which much of the city's material prosperity is explained, but also it has, as it did not then have, a public library, beautiful in architectural design, rich in the finest classics of many nations and ages, and, most significant of all, habitually used for study and reference by the majority of the people, young and old, belonging in the town. I once took an Englishman from Oxford University to visit that library, and I remember still the expression of extreme amazement which came into his face when the librarian replied to his exclamations upon the array of works dealing with the Italian Renaissance by observing, "Yes, we have a great many books on that subject, more than you see, for nearly a third of them are out to-day."

"I had not expected to find an interest in the revival of learning out here in a town not fifty years old," the man from Oxford said to the librarian, by way of apology for his too evident astonishment.

"Oh," returned the librarian, "it is not so much an interest in the Renaissance as the Renaissance itself that you are finding here!"

She generously left me to make her words clear to the Englishman, knowing that my delight in the intellectual awakening of that city had been by no means small. To say that it had been brought to pass because one woman who chanced to be a college woman happened to teach for a year in the high school of the town would be to make what has been wittily called a "universalization," and, moreover, a "universalization" open to justifiable question; but that one woman, just because she was a college woman, helped more than any other person or circumstance to effect it, is certain.

She went directly from a community in which the living of the intellectual life amounted to a subtle passion, to a town in which education was regarded, if regarded at all, as the memorizing of a few pages, in a few books, during a few years, completed by the presentation of a diploma tied with a satin ribbon. Being neither an iconoclast nor a scoffer, but merely a gifted woman with a superb collegiate training, she gave way to no lamentations over this sorry scheme of things; it was an emergency, but she was not unprepared; she spent no force in deploring the situation, but, with much hope and no less faith, she accepted it, and sought to improve upon it by the

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simple process of enlargement. She inspired in her pupils a desire for more pages, in more books, during more years; she even went the length of suggesting second and third diplomas.

Her pupils instinctively caught her spirit. They awakened to the startling perception that to commit to memory the words in a one-volume work on English history is not to study English history; they kindled to the disquieting thought that to have perused all Shakespeare's plays once or twice, or even thrice, is not to have read Shakespeare. In one brief year they became fired with the glorious realization that education, far from being a short period made up of tasks irksome and dull at best, is as long as life, and nothing less than another name for living. Those pupils could not put their experiences into words, but they put them into deeds, deeds which for a time were rather more suggestive of formless restlessness than of any coherent purpose.

The fact that I was in that city during this remarkable year in its growth, and that my devoted allegiance to the woman from the college led the members of her classes to bring their woes to me, and demand that out of my friendship for her I give them some clue to her meanings, I shall always consider as causes for fervent gratitude. Her pupils did not enjoy the awakening. It unsettled them.

One day I met one of them in a street-car, bending over a book. "You have no idea how fond I have become this year of algebra and geometry!" she exclaimed.

"Weren't you always interested in them?" I asked.

"No," replied the girl, "but I am now. They are such a comfort. One solves a problem in mathematics and that is the end of it."

"So it is of any problem," I commented.

The girl sighed profoundly. "The trouble is, one can't solve any other problem!" she said.

"I mean," she continued, in response to my obvious perplexity, "that when I have worked out a quadratic equation, for instance, and found the answers, I've done all I *can* do, all *any* one can *ever* do, because there isn't anything else *to* do; but no matter how much I study my Greek history lesson, I never finish studying it; I know there must be something else in it that I haven't got out."

She was genuinely distressed; but in the eight years since that day she has become as genuinely happy. Last winter I did not fail to include her city in my investigation. She went with me one afternoon to the library; with a little smile she took one of the catalogues, and, turning its pages, pointed out to me a long list of books relative to the history of the Greeks. "I still like mathematics," she said; "it is still a consolation to me; but, on the whole, I take more joy in the thought that I shall never get out of Greek history all there is in it!"

This former pupil of the college woman does not give all her time to the history of the Greeks; indeed, she can use very few of her rare leisure hours for the study of books. She is now a wife, and the mother of a baby girl; but with all her household duties she is tireless in her endeavors to keep alive in her city a love for true education, to assist in carrying on the work begun so simply by the woman who had helped her to a sense of the inexhaustible greatness of life and of learning. As we sat before her pleasant nursery fire upon our return from the visit to the library, playing with her small girl, I said: "How are you planning to educate your daughter?"

"Well," she said earnestly, "as soon as she is old enough I shall begin by sending her to the college from which came the woman who made me realize what education is."

"She taught you to love it, too," I added.

"Yes," the sometime pupil of the college woman agreed, "she did indeed! She taught this whole city all the love for it they have."

"I have always wondered just exactly how she did it," I said, reflectively.

"By loving it herself," was the quick reply of her pupil.

She had loved it so very well; so well

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that she had inspired the people of a pronouncedly materialistic town to build a library and buy books that their children might "complete their education;" so well that she had led those children to realize that never could they even approach the completion of education. Truly, as the librarian said, that town has experienced a Renaissance.

The woman from the college is the surest safeguard in this country against that evil which pessimists occasionally seek to frighten us by prophesying—an aristocracy of wealth. Women, particularly American women, fix the standards of society, make the rules that govern social relationships. What woman of an American college, unless she be a dishonor to that institution, will employ a financial measure for the obtaining of such standards, or, in the construction of such rules, allow herself to use a financial foundation? Not all women in America, unfortunately, are college women; but each year an increasing number of graduates, "beautiful, strong, and free," come from our colleges for women; and, as Mr. Sill wrote to a graduating class of Smith College,

"Led on by courage and immortal hope,
And with the morning in their hearts,"

give what they have received; do as they have learned; become somewhat as they have aspired. A college is a commonwealth; the college woman may safely be trusted to make her village or her city also a commonwealth. So far from encouraging an aristocracy of wealth, she will intuitively help to extend and to maintain in America a democracy founded upon character.

The "more rigorous scholastic rule" which Emerson enjoined, "such an asceticism as only the hardihood and devotion of the scholar can enforce," when it has grown by habitual enforcement to be a fixed condition of the life of the woman from the college, becomes her most potent means of influence in a community in which material interests are prevalent. It arouses, first, curiosity, then admiration, and finally imitation.

One summer a college woman whom I knew went for a few weeks to a factory town. By some chance she found herself in a boarding-house with three young women who from their childhood had been employed in the mills of the place. These girls represented the more prosperous portion of the community. One of them I had met at a college settlement, and for several years had been in the habit of seeing somewhat frequently. She was excessively fond of fine raiment, and at the settlement we had almost been able to measure her material advancement by the quality and quantity of her personal adornments.

During the winter following the visit of the college woman to her town I observed, with some concern, that the girl from the factory wore no new feathers and furbelows, and, indeed, little new apparel of any kind. Her old garments, neatly freshened and repaired, were made to serve. She was even more cheerful than formerly; and I tried to believe that my fears lest financial distress might have come upon her were groundless. I, of course, did not question her; but it was not long before she took me into her confidence.

"Can you tell me anything about Schumann?" she asked, suddenly, one night when we were alone.

"Schumann?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said the girl; "you see, I'm learning to play a piece of his music."

We talked a little about Schumann; and then she said shyly: "I've always liked music, and always wished I could play. Well, last summer a lady boarded at our house; she said she'd always liked German and wanted to study it. She wore real plain clothes, 'cause she was saving up money to go and study in Germany. And it came into my head that I could do that and take music lessons—so I am doing it."

She ceased; and then, in response to my instantly expressed sympathy, she added: "And I believe, after all, I like plain clothes best, anyway."

Another college woman whom I knew, an American scholar who would have satisfied Emerson himself, puzzled even her closest friends by foregoing a fellowship one year, to accept a position which involved rather more chaperonage on her part than teaching, in one of those

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seminaries for young girls designated in ordinary phraseology as a "fashionable finishing school."

Not many days ago the current annual circular of that identical institution was sent to me. This year-book announces that the objects of the school are two: namely, to prepare girls for college, and to give to such girls as shall be unable to attend college an educational discipline which, in so far as possible, will fit them for the duties of life and help them to a fuller development of mind and disposition. I read every page in the circular, only to find that it contained not one word which indicated in the slightest possible degree that the school had formerly had but one object: namely, to acquaint its pupils with the customs and conventions of what we colloquially call society. From a finishing school, the institution has become—if one may be permitted the phrase—a beginning school.

The woman who came from the college impelled the reorganization. She was so irresistibly a student, so involuntarily a teacher; as one of her friends said, not at all the kind of person one connects in one's mind with a "fashionable finishing school." With regard to externals, she did not appear out of place in that institution, but decidedly the reverse. She was a brilliant scholar, and she was also a peculiarly charming woman. Her very graciousness engendered in her pupils when in her presence that ease of manner for the very cultivation of which they had been sent to the particular school. They admired her long before they paid homage to her attainments. She won their affection quite as considerable a time before she inspired in them a desire to acquire during their school days, not so much manner, as something to give life and distinction to manners.

She was a true woman of her college; she made use of a method so natural and spontaneous that it hardly can be called a method. Her department in the school, it should be mentioned, was that of English Literature. From somewhat apathetic hours of imperfect recitations, her classes became merely beginnings of unending discussions of subjects ranging all the way from free will (resulting from a reading of "Hamlet") to the real meaning of the word style (growing out of a reference to Walter Pater).

"She makes us want to know what we think about things," one of her pupils said to me one day. It would be difficult to express more precisely and comprehensively than this the achievement of the college woman in that "fashionable finishing school;" she made the pupils—and the other members of the faculty, too—wonder what they thought about things! Do not psychologists tell us that to wonder is to begin to perceive?

Several of her pupils decided that in order to make the desired discovery the more extensively, they were under the necessity of going to college. For college, the woman from college prepared them. That they influenced other girls in the school in this direction need scarcely be mentioned; that the other girls also became similarly influential may also be taken for granted. By imperceptible degrees the school ceased to be a finishing school; it cannot be said, however, to have ceased to be fashionable, for, as a senior of Bryn Mawr recently observed to me, "Going to college, you know, has become the fashion!" She was a thoughtful senior, and she spoke, it is true, with a shadow of regret, fearing for the dignity of the scholastic life; but it seems to me that the threatened danger is very slight. The ideal of the college is so high and so great; should it become the fashion, will not the fashion then be very good? Will it not do much to abolish finishing schools?

It is not so much her knowledge, as the development of character by which her acquisition of that knowledge is attended, that commends the college woman to our affections, and gives to her work in the world, whatever it may be, so vital an importance. She is more completely a scholar than she might have been without her collegiate training; but it is not this circumstance which delights us, so much as it is the fact that she is the more fully a woman.

For this reason are we not justified in feeling a trifle disturbed when we find scholarship regarded, most ardently re-

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garded, as an end in itself, as we do seem to find it at some of our colleges for women? The naïve pedantry of the freshman at Wellesley; the classic solemnity of the sophomore of Vassar; the sweet gravity of the junior at Smith; the invulnerable self-certainty of the senior of Radcliffe—none of these, however, has ever given firm reason for disquietude. The superiority of the American woman is due to-day, as it has been due in the past, to her exquisitely developed womanliness, not to the means by which she has reached that development.

The aim of Bryn Mawr is distinctly scholastic; the aim of most of the other colleges for women in America, predominantly Smith College, and the woman's department of the University of Chicago, is civic. A member of the faculty of the former, in reply to my numerous questions relative to the college, said in conclusion, "At Smith College we regard scholarship as a tool; we believe in good tools." This description of the attitude of Smith College toward scholastic achievement, aside from its immediate application, seemed to me to be particularly significant in that its aptness is by no means limited to that one institution; it as accurately describes the standpoint of very nearly any and every college for women in the country.

More often than once, and by more than one person, was it confirmed during the few days I spent in the pleasant village of Northampton; but that confirmation of it which left the deepest impression was made by President Seelye, when, of all the many, many admonitions which in his baccalaureate address he might have given to the members of the graduating class, he presented to their most earnest consideration the claims of public service, claims incumbent upon them as educated women, and involving responsibilities and duties most faithfully to be accepted and performed.

The charming friendliness with which the girls of Smith welcome the visitor to their college is to my mind one of their most delightful and most typical characteristics. The days I passed in the engaging company of a kind and hospitable junior still linger in my thoughts in the form of memories which it gives me "a kind of joy" to possess. She answered my formidable number of inquiries with an unwearied readiness which I appreciated to the extent of feeling emboldened to ask a hundred new questions. Those things which I evinced a wish to see, as well as many which I was glad indeed of the opportunity of seeing, she showed me; such things as I desired to hear, both knowingly and unwittingly, she took me to hear; and, altogether, she entertained me with such sweet and leisurely grace that not once did I have reason to surmise what one of the faculty afterward told me was the case, that she was one of the very busiest persons in the college.

It cannot be said that the women students of the University of Chicago look upon their collegiate career more seriously than do the girls of Bryn Mawr, or Smith College, or Wellesley; but certainly it appears to them of greater moment. Unlike the students in Eastern colleges, most of them are the daughters of pioneers; college life is as new to them and as vivid as were the ways of the untrodden prairies to their fathers and mothers. Also, they more frequently have gone to college because they definitely wished to go, not because they were sent.

Of all the colleges for women in the United States to which I went, the woman's department of the University of Chicago seemed to me to have the most nearly perfectly developed campus-house life. I was happy in being a guest at one of the dormitories presided over by the Dean of Women and her assistant. The relationships of the girls in the house with their two superior officers interested me even more than that segregation of the Junior College of the University, which has caused so much excited discussion everywhere in the country except among the students of that Junior College itself, to whom the outward form of their collegiate opportunities appeared to be of less importance than the inner substance.

Representatives both of the Junior and of the Senior College were in the dormitory, girls not only from Western and Northern, but also from Eastern and

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Southern States, girls who were more keenly alert mentally, and yet more quiet in manner, and even in voice, than girls whom I have met in any Eastern or any other Western college. The house was nothing less than a realization of an ideal community; the students were singularly sensitive and responsive to their obligations each to the others. To the Dean and to her assistant they deferred, not as to persons in authority, but as to superiors in mind and in experience. The degree to which a household of this character will prepare its student members for the highest kind of civic service it is a joy to contemplate. Of the many great and good things which the University of Chicago is doing for its women students this impressed me as the greatest and best.

To my surprise, the question as to co-education was by no means the foremost subject under discussion at Chicago, nor indeed in any college or university in which it exists. At Cornell I patiently refrained from referring to the matter until my visit was half ended, hoping that some one of the many girl students I met would take the initiative in mentioning it. Finally, not a single student having remotely touched upon it, I said to a girl at whose boarding-place I had been accommodated with a room, "What do you think about co-education?"

"I think—it is a problem," she began, with some slight hesitation.

"It certainly is," I instantly agreed.

"Oh," said the girl, with relief in her voice, "I was afraid you might be a person with views about it!"

I assured her that a view of it was precisely what I lacked, and she then freely gave me her own personal opinion and experience of the subject. Having been for two years in a college solely for women, and also for already a year and a half a student at Cornell, she was peculiarly well qualified to discuss the question without uninformed prejudice.

"From the standpoint of scholarship," she said, "it makes very little difference whether women study with men or by themselves. The difficulty about co-education is in the restriction it places upon college life—"

"In what way do you mean?" I inquired.

"I mean," continued my informant, "that one of the most important features of a college for women is the college life, the free intercourse of girls with girls—the fun, in fact."

"But why is not that quite as fully possible here?" I asked.

"Because," was the answer, "so many of the things that girls in girls' colleges do for pure fun, we can't do here."

"Would they be so undesirable?" I ventured.

"Yes," said the particular girl, "because, you see," she added, delicately, "they would look so undignified."

Somewhat later I repeated this conversation to a member of the faculty of the Woman's College at Cleveland, and she indorsed the view of the girl of Cornell with unmistakable emphasis. "She struck at the very root of the matter," was her comment; "she touched upon the very thing which makes the subject problematic."

Still later, a professor at the University of Chicago approached the question from the opposite side by saying that his belief in a segregated college rested mainly upon his conviction that one of the most valuable elements in the college life of men was nothing else than the intimate association of men with men, which co-education tended in some measure to disturb. I recounted all these varying expressions of the same opinion to the President of a State University in the farther West, where co-education has obtained from the beginning, and is too utterly regarded as a matter of course to arouse in the immediate vicinity any question or discussion as to its advisability. He listened without any appearance of personal interest, and then he said slowly, "But—society is co-educational."

As for the women themselves at co-educational institutions, I found them unusually serious and thoughtful. A never-subsiding consideration of the desirability of college life and scholastic training, and of the subsequent uses to be made of the benefits derived from these things, has given to the girl students a poise

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that may well compensate for the lack of that innocent gayety which is so dear a part of life in a college for women alone. They have been challenged to defend their right to the higher education; and the acceptance of that challenge has revealed to them the necessity of being "sober and vigilant." Life in America is so widely various. The help of American women is required in so many diverse circumstances of life; is it not fitting that our systems of collegiate education for women should differ broadly in form—especially when they agree so nearly in spirit? Almost without exception, they seek to aid their students to the attainment of a more complete, more self-dependent, more useful womanhood.

Of all the gifts of the woman's college to the student and to the American Nation, who can select one, and say of it that it is the greatest? I have asked many college girls, and no fewer college women, "What is the best and most permanent gift of the college for women?" According to their own sentiments, they selected from among the countless benefits of their collegiate career those things most precious to themselves. Perhaps Alice Freeman Palmer, beloved of all college women in America, irrespective of their several colleges, and revered by all lovers of true women even beyond the boundaries of the United States—perhaps Mrs. Palmer saw most clearly and deeply, and has voiced most truly, that gift of the woman's college which is greatest.

She said once: "I have forgotten my chemistry, and my classical philology cannot bear examination; but all around the world there are men and women at work, my intimates of college days, who have made the wide earth a friendly place to me."

Every woman from a college will hardly fail to agree that these words, quite without addition or modification, express her chief reason for the love she bears her college; and also explain the large function exercised by that college in the organic life of the American Nation.

A Little Mother

By Lillian W. Betts

IT seems singular, looking back to the day of our meeting, that I did not realize that the girl was of foreign birth. She looked twenty years old. Her face indicated that into that space of life had been crowded many experiences which never enter into the lives of Fortune's favorites. She was dirty, clothes and skin, and yet she aroused only interest and sympathy; why sympathy was a mystery, as the girl seemed capable of caring for herself.

"Yes, I have six children." The mute surprise of the hearer was answered by—"Not mine, my mother's. I brought every one up. I've been in this country twelve years, since I was three, and I ain't never been inside a school even one day. The little ones go; I make them. They ain't going to be like me. I'm going to get the littlest one in school as soon as it opens. No, that won't give me no chance; there's the baby, sixteen months old, yet. So cross, so ugly. Ugh! Never shuts his mouth all day."

There was silence for a space in which the expression of rebellion gave place to dread and loathing. Her voice lowered to a whisper:

"There's another baby coming soon. All the other six don't count when I think of that baby! How I hate it! Carrying it on my arm and doing the work. Never a minute now, what will it be then?" Her voice had risen. Raising her hand to enjoin silence, she said:

"Listen! there's the now baby; hear him holler? Well, soon there will be two going just like that." She raised her arms, holding her palms outward as if to push the future back.

"Yes, two! I know. I've always had it, always." And they dropped, those long, thin arms, with a jesture of despair that Rachel might have envied.

"No, I can't come to you to learn to

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read English, because there is no one to take care of the baby, and there ain't no use, 'cause there's the other one so soon."

She stopped suddenly, the lids dropping over her beautiful eyes, her head drooping. When she raised her head again, her eyes were darker and larger; all that she had told sunk into insignificance before this coming revelation. Scarcely above a whisper, in a trembling voice, she said:

"I ain't never had my first communion yet. The Sisters, the good Sisters, tell my mother to let me come to learn God's Book. She let me go two nights, and never no more. If I don't have first communion, then I cannot work away from home. That's why. No, I just got to stay and work, wash and cook and everything, and there's another baby soon. There, listen, that's the now baby; I got to go; that woman what have him she get mad." Half-way down the stairs she raised a pair of beautiful brown eyes suffused with sorrow, and, smiling sadly, said:

"I might come from Italy last night, and I have been here twelve years already."

A return visit to this girl revealed such a condition of dirt, disorder, and crowding in her home as defies description. Into three rooms, barely large enough for two, were crowded a family of nine. The floor was the bed of all but the father and mother, two vigorous Italians who had barely reached middle life. They owned a fruit and vegetable stand at the corner, and were considered very successful by their neighbors. They gave all their time to the business of the stand, and were as indifferent to the condition of their home and children as two strangers, except as to its cost. The children were weird. One, a girl of ten, had a long oval face, colorless, surrounded and always partly covered by wonderful black hair, with eyes large and sunk back in her head. She was a silent child, answering to greetings by a nod, but always looked at one with a long questioning gaze as if life and all in it were wholly beyond her comprehension. Wherever she was met she was accompanied by a child too young to care for itself. Going into the house one evening just as darkness was falling, a little girl of three was found at the front door screaming at the top of her voice, and holding her hand to her head. It was evident that the cause of grief was more than the child could bear. Before she could reply to the question, "What is the trouble?" the ten-year-old sister, with her long hair hanging to her knees and partially concealing her face, came flying down the stairs and through the dark hallway like a very virago in her rage. She grasped the screaming child by the shoulder, shook her vigorously, and screamed:

"She one big lie! She one big lie! She lost her balloon, not hurt her head. She always one big lie!" The little one was dragged to the stairs and pulled up, every step marked by a blow which struck her anywhere the little fury who held her could reach. That one small body could hold so much passion was marvelous; the effect on the beholder was paralyzing. Two nights later at ten o'clock the same child sat at the head of a flight of stairs holding "the now" baby in her lap by grasping its clothes tightly to prevent its falling down the stairs. The long black hair, unbound, fell like a black cloak about herself and the child; the straggling locks hanging over her face were tossed back, showing the eyes larger, darker, more questioning than ever. Her oval face was wan and white, but without expression; only the eyes held life. A little persuasion won her to put the baby on the bed. This was accomplished by stepping over the little brothers and sisters stretched on the floor in all the graceful abandon of sleeping childhood. The rooms were absolutely dark. The child sat on the stairs for the light and the companionship of the passing neighbors. Business at the stand was brisk, demanding the services of all the older members of the family; this little child was the house-mother. To the request made to the mother during a business transaction that she would permit her two daughters to come upstairs to learn to read English, she responded in tones of disdain:

"No time, no good English; no want English; no good." One heard again in imagination the sweet, hopeless voice

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of a girl, aged in girlhood, saying, "I might come from Italy last night; been here twelve years already."

To those who see this girl on whose face is written a woman's experience, she will not appear as a heroine, but to me she will always rank as one. For herself she has no hope; but over the destines of the little brothers and sisters she rules, knowing one law—"They must go to school; like me I will not have them." And against odds before which the ordinary girl would quail this girl stands firm and triumphant. She has caught the spirit of the country as she has its language, unknowingly, and the children whom she controls are walking in the path the American children tread. When told that the ten-year-old sister must go to school, she gave a long sigh of relief. "I'm glad she must. They" (meaning her father and mother) "can't help it. I'm glad. I thought she going to be like me. No, I get along; she help when she comes home."

The sisters exchange glances that reveal love and comprehension. No longer does one's soul ache for them, for in mutual burdens they have found companionship, and courage will come that will lift the new generation in spite of the greed that keeps the family life below that of paupers.

The weeks pass, and there is the new baby, a very bambino, swathed and bound tightly as if its mother came from Italy but yesterday. The sister is carrying it in her arms, her face shining with mother-love. Proudly she holds it out for admiration. It is a beautiful baby, and the sister beams with pride as she responds, "Yes, she is pretty, awful pretty." Holding the baby closer and bending over it to look in its eyes, she says, in tones of love that tremble with intensity, "She a little devil, she a little d-devil," punctuating her sentences with kisses. In a moment she looks up with stern expression.

"She go to school. She not be like me. She be like American." And again she covers the baby's face with kisses.

The Art of War[1]

IN the first of these four works which enlighten us as to the art of war we have the biography of a model soldier, a man without fear and without reproach. Physically, mentally, and morally, John Colborne (Lord Seaton) was one of the noblest types of warriors. His personal character immeasurably reinforced his distinguished military prowess. Such a man was the one well marked out to dominate other soldiers. At the Battle of Waterloo it was said that in no instance either in ancient or modern history did a single battalion so influence the result of a great general action as did his. The attack of the Fifty-second regiment on the Imperial Guard resulted in the defeat of seven battalions of that Guard; and Colborne did almost all this from his own impulse and on his own responsibility. The pictures of military life given to us in this biography—in Holland, Spain, Italy, Canada—are as attractive as any which describe the art of war during the first part of the nineteenth century. But then, as always, war was, as General Sherman said, "hell."

Viscount Wolseley's autobiography is perhaps the most readable among recent publications concerning militarism in the last half of the century. While Lord Wolseley's style lacks the simplicity of Earl Roberts's in the latter's "Forty-one Years in India," and while the former is deplorably egotistical in comparison with the modesty of the greater soldier, we must confess that the recital of military activities as experienced by Viscount Wolseley is of enough note to make his volumes worthy of a place in any library. With the life of Lord Seaton, they constitute a review of nineteenth-century history which would have been complete if Lord Wolseley had

[1] *The Life of John Colborne, Field-Marshal Lord Seaton.* By G. C. Moore Smith. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.
The Story of a Soldier's Life. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, G.C.M.G. With Portraits and Plans. 2 vols. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Retrospect and Prospect. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain U. S. Navy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.
The Future of War. By J. S. de Bloch. Ginn & Co., Boston.

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dealt with the more recent events of his life. We believe that the author plans to publish an account of these events, for he says: "Could my narrative interest the general reader, it will be a pleasure to continue it to the date when I gladly bade good-by to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of her Majesty's land forces." Lord Wolseley's first twenty years of live cover his education, his joining the army at Chatham, and his voyage to India. Then follow his active service in Burma and in the Crimea, his appointment to the staff, and his return to India, where he lived through the Mutiny period. Perhaps the most interesting chapters—and all of the chapters are interesting—are those which describe the forced march from Calcutta to Cawnpore, the advance into Oudh, and the relief of Lucknow. Then comes a description of the Chinese War of 1860 and of the Taiping Rebellion the following year. The chapters on the Trent Affair and on Lord Wolseley's visit to General Lee and to the Confederate Army will, of course, challenge careful reading on the part of all students of our Civil War period. Then come the attempted Fenian invasion of Canada in 1866 and the Red River Expedition the next year. The most important war which follows was that in Ashanti in 1873–4, no attention being paid to the far more interesting Boer War, for the simple reason that the noble Viscount did not have such a hand in it as in the other, and probably not the kind of direction he wished. In all these conflicts war continued to be "hell," even though Lord Wolseley loves soldiering and apparently cannot have too much of it. His criticisms, however, are none the less sharp and well directed. He shows again and again that England has always been habitually unprepared for war. But that is no reason, as Captain Mahan pertinently says in "Retrospect and Prospect," why Great Britain should further tempt fortune by failing to correct practical deficiencies which have been revealed. It is not Lord Wolseley's fault if one of these deficiencies (in his opinion) is not sufficiently revealed. While Cardwell made a good War Minister, Lord Wolseley is heartily out of sorts with the administration of any other civilian Minister. How, under such supervision, can England ever be other than unprepared for war? yet England has "never yet hanged nor even tried" the Ministers who went unprepared to war, and failed from start to finish in understanding army problems. Lord Wolseley's one remedy seems to be "a highly trained standing army, supported by great reserves of trained soldiers." It is presumable that in another volume he will speak more at length concerning the breakdown of the intelligence department, and especially why his own methods of reform were not properly appreciated and adopted.

Lord Wolseley would undoubtedly agree with Captain Mahan in the latter's statement that the military and strategic problems of the day are in essence only new phases of a steady progression. In Captain Mahan's latest volume we are enlightened concerning the naval expansion of the United States, the disposition of the world's navies, and in particular concerning England's interest in Persia. Englishmen and also Americans will, however, read with greater interest what the distinguished essayist has to say concerning the influence of the Boer War on British prestige. If the lives of Lords Seaton and Wolseley have explained the military history of the past, Captain Mahan instructs us as to the present. In the first place, as to British prestige, the author calls attention to the enormous asset which the British have had in their well-earned fame. If British prestige has suffered deserved diminution through the horrible South African war, if the British have received an impression of bafflement or of failure, we have an indication from Captain Mahan that this is an affair of the head, not of the heart. Loss of prestige worth considering, affirms Captain Mahan, will come when the nation loses heart, for "prestige is the moral influence which past successes, as the pledge and promise of future ones, breed." The Boer War is a hardly won success. Can it be considered to carry pledge and promise for the future? Success in it, as on former occasions, has been due to national tenacity and

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ultimate aptitude to meet conditions as they arise, combined with the essential disadvantages of the national contention. This has been gained despite a degree of unreadiness and inadequacy at the outset which surely cannot be pronounced acceptable to a proud people. England bears the burdens of sickening wars and finally wins her victories by national endurance, supported by superior resources and strengthened by "the felt goodness of her cause around which determination could harden." In these substantially strong qualities of national character, as Captain Mahan well says, the foundations of British prestige are the same as they have been.

Will these foundations, whether of British or of any other military prestige, remain the same, withstanding the weight of the future? No, says Jean de Bloch, who instructs us as to the war of the future. If Lords Seaton and Wolseley may be regarded as authorities for past history, and if Captain Mahan be regarded as an authority on present politics, the man whose work suggested the Hague Peace Conference to the Czar's mind must also be regarded as having a claim in pointing out what may be the world's military future.

A fundamental change in war came, according to the Russian author, with the Civil War in this country—an opinion in which even Lord Wolseley might agree. The Civil War showed that one man in defense is a match for ten on the offensive, and that the methods of guerrilla warfare must be more and more taken into account. Hence there is no longer an excuse for costly armies and navies. The war of the future, however, according to the author of the present volume, is not a frontier brawl or a punitive operation. The war of the future is "the war in which great nations armed to the teeth are to fling themselves with all their resources into a struggle for life and death," as in the case of Japan facing Russia. War has practically become impossible for the minor States—for instance, in the case of Denmark and Belgium; hence, in describing the question of future war, we always deal with it as a war between great powers. The Russo-Polish thinker's contention is that the maintenance of war has become absolutely impossible because the actual development of the mechanism of war renders war almost an impracticable operation.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling has been quoted as saying that he relied for the extinction of war upon the invention of a machine which would infallibly slay fifty per cent. of the combatants whenever a battle was waged; and the same idea was once expressed by Lord Lytton in his novel "The Coming Race." Our author says that at Khartum in the Sudan the destruction inflicted upon the forces of the Khalifa came very near Mr. Kipling's fifty per cent. standard:

> That one experience was probably sufficient even for the Dervishes; they will never again face the fire of modern rifles. The experience which they have learned is rapidly becoming generalized throughout the armies of Christendom, and although there may be some frightful scenes of wholesale slaughter, one or two experiences of that kind will rid army authorities of any desire to come to close quarters with their adversaries.

The outward and visible end of war, says Bloch, is the introduction of the magazine rifle of very small caliber. The modern rifle is not only a much more rapid firer than its predecessors, but it has also an immensely wider range and far greater precision of fire. A modern rifle with a range of from two to three miles, with a rapidity of fire twelve times as great as thirty years ago, and with greater proportionate precision, is a weapon so deadly as to inflict undreamt-of injury; nor is the aim in the deadliest of weapons confined to the small arms. It extends equally to artillery firing. For instance, the French artillery to-day is held by competent authorities to be one hundred and sixteen times more deadly than the batteries which went into action in 1870. Not that they fire one hundred and sixteen times as fast. The increased improvement has been obtained by the use of range-finders and higher explosives.

Another element still more formidable, to those who persist in contemplating war as a practical possibility, is the immensity of the modern army. The Franco-German War was supposed to have been a contest of giants; but the

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German army operating in France did not exceed half a million men, whereas if war were to break out to-day the Germans would concentrate over a million men on their front, while the French would be not a whit behind them. In a war between the Triple and the Dual Alliance there might be ten millions of men under arms. The training of officers has not kept pace with the extension and development of modern armaments; but even if all officers were properly efficient, the war of the future would not last many weeks before the majority of officers would be killed off, and without competent officers accustomed to command any army would develop into a mere mob.

If two difficulties in the way of modern war arise from the immense improvement wrought in the mechanism of slaughter and with the unmanageability of the masses of men to be mobilized, a third lies in the economic impossibility of waging war upon the scale on which it must be waged if waged at all. "It will be impossible to find adequate shelter for the Red Cross hospital tents or for the hospital orderlies. It will be impossible to take wounded men out of the zone of fire without exposing Red Cross men to certain death."

Yet the delusion persists that great armies are the support of government, that only great armies will deliver the existing order from the perils of anarchy, and that military service acts beneficently on the masses!

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Abraham Lincoln and His Presidency. By Joseph H. Barrett, LL.D. Illustrated in 2 vols. The Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. 6×9½ in. $5, net. (Postage 38c.)

Reserved for later notice.

Betty Zane. By P. Zane Grey. Illustrated. The Charles Francis Press, New York. 5½×8½ in. 291 pages.

Brief History of Rocky Mountain Exploration (A). By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 276 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

It is appropriate that this interesting volume should be published just a hundred years after the Lewis and Clark expedition. Perhaps that expedition was the most important of any American exploring enterprise; at all events, it was the first across the continent under the auspices of the United States Government. Mr. Thwaites narrates not only the adventures of Lewis and Clark, but also of such notable Rocky Mountain explorers as Zebulon Pike, Stephen Long, and John C. Frémont. Nor, on the Canadian side, does he forget Pierre Vérendrye, David Thompson, and Simon Fraser.

Church and Young Men (The). By Frank Graves Cressey, Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 233 pages. $1.25, net.

This is a valuable contribution to one of the pressing problems of the churches, outside of whose membership are nearly three-fifths of our young men. Dr. Cressey, besides his own experience in practical efforts, has gathered by the *questionnaire* method a large body of fact and opinion on the problem to be solved. All existing agencies and methods of religious work among young men receive from him an appreciative criticism. Young people's societies he regards as accomplishing little or nothing in this field. The Christian Associations, while accomplishing much, fail in due co-ordination with the Church. The Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip is commended as supplying this missing link. The survey concludes with an account of the progress made by Roman Catholics in efforts for the spiritual betterment of young men. As "a working handbook of practical methods," this covers the whole field with helpful information and suggestion. The replies received to questions show young men, as well as those who are concerned for them, in agreement that the kind of preaching most effectively beneficial to them is "that which brings the teachings of the Bible to bear upon the problems of every-day life."

Collected Songs of Leopold Damrosch. Edited by Frank Damrosch. Translations Made and Selected by Mary L. Webster. G. Schirmer, New York. 9×13 in. 205 pages.

The name of Dr. Leopold Damrosch is one of the distinguished ones in the musical history of New York. He was not only an orchestra conductor of notable rank and influence, as well as one of the earliest promoters of modern German opera in this city, but a citizen of high character and distinction. This handsome volume is to be considered not merely as a collection of songs

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but as one of the memorials to his services in the artistic development of the city. It is edited and published with appropriate dignity and care, and the songs it contains are indicative of the composer's high-bred musical feeling and attainments. Whether the songs possess enough of the qualities of spontaneity and deep feeling to give them permanence and a wide appeal is not so certain.

Education Through Nature Study: Foundations and Method. Illustrated. John P. Munson, Ph.D. E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 297 pages. $1.25, net.

Elijah Kellogg: The Man and His Work. Chapters from his Life and Selections from his Writings. Edited by Wilmot Brookings Mitchell. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 430 pages. $1.20, net.

Entwickelungslehre. By Dr. Franz V. Wagner. Edited by Arthur S. Wright. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 61 pages.

Essays and Addresses, 1900-1903. By Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 296 pages.

This volume hardly needs better introduction to American readers than to say that, prior to 1900, Lord Avebury was known as Sir John Lubbock. While its contents deal in part with questions mainly of British interest, other portions are of cosmopolitan interest, as the addresses on Huxley, Ruskin, Richard Jefferies, and Macaulay. The present tendency toward municipal socialism gives Lord Avebury's essay on "Municipal Trading," which he opposes mainly on five distinct grounds, a special claim on the attention of both conservatives and progressives, here and elsewhere.

Expositor's Greek Testament. Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. III. **Second Corinthians.** By J. H. Bernard, D.D. **Galatians.** By Frederick Rendall, M.A. **Ephesians.** By S. D. F. Salmond, D.D. **Philippians.** By H. A. A. Kennedy, D.S. **Colossians.** By A. S. Peake, M.A. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 7×9¾ in. 547 pages. $7.50.

The first volume of this commentary was published in 1897. It was then thought that the commentary could be completed in five years or less. It is now seven years, and even with this present volume the commentary is still incomplete. In arrangement and typography it is hardly distinguishable from Alford's commentary. It is intended to do for the present generation what that did for the students of Dean Alford's day. Though there is some discrepancy between views advanced by the different commentators, there is none greater than ought to be found in a group of scholars writing with liberty. The tone of the whole volume is conservative though not traditional. Rejected views of any consequence are stated or at least mentioned.

Fatigue. By A. Mosso. Translated by Margaret Drummond, M.A., and W. B. Drummond, M.B., C.M., F.R.C.P.E. (The Science Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 334 pages. $1.50.

The translators of Professor Mosso's excellent monograph on fatigue lay stress upon the value of the Italian physiologist's experiments in contributing to the formulation of an exact theory of education. While it may reasonably be questioned, the translators to the contrary notwithstanding, whether education has as yet attained the dignity of a science, it is certain that we are on the high-road to reforms that will ultimately dismiss to a well-merited oblivion the haphazard methods too often prevailing among the educationists of to-day. These reforms, too, are primarily due to physiologists who, like Professor Mosso, recognize the intimate connection between physiology and psychology, and are willing and able to provide psychology with instruments and methods for the exact measurement of the contents of consciousness. Professor Mosso's invention, the ergograph, or fatigue-recorder, is but one of many devices that have come to rescue psychology, and, indirectly, pedagogy, from the old slough of introspection. By this delicate instrument we are enabled to measure with the greatest exactness the changes produced by fatigue in the work of our muscles, and to draw therefrom conclusions of the greatest importance to the individual and to the race. The deductions of Professor Mosso, from observation and hundreds of experiments conducted by himself, form the subject matter of the volume before us, and cover a range impossible even to outline here. The salient characteristics, however, may be indicated by a few chapter titles: "The Origin of the Energy of the Muscles and of the Brain," "Upon the General and Special Characteristics of Fatigue," "The Law of Exhaustion," "Attention and its Physical Conditions," "Intellectual Fatigue," "The Methods of Intellectual Work," "Overpressure." Despite its essentially technical nature, the work is very readable, and should receive the thoughtful consideration not only of those interested in educational problems, but of all engaged in occupations involving prolonged mental effort or intense concentration of thought.

First Year of Responsibility (The): Talks with a Boy. By Maynard Butler. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×6¼ in. 119 pages. 60c., net.

Growth of English Industry and Commerce in Modern Times (The). By W. Cunningham, D.D. Part I. The Mercantile System. Part II. Laissez Faire. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9½ in.

Reserved for later notice.

History of Japan (A): During the Century of Early Foreign Intercourse (1542-1651). By James Murdoch, M.A., in Collaboration with Isoh Yamagata. With Maps. Published at the Office of the "Chronicle," Kobe, Japan. 6×10 in. 743 pages. $6. (Postage, 40c.)

The text of this valuable volume describes that far-away time when foreign intercourse was making its furtive beginning in Japan, a period from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth century. The authors of this carefully written work were fortunate in enlisting the sympathies of Baron Terquchi, Japanese Minister of War, who has allowed them to reproduce some valuable government maps. These add

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greatly to the text's value. The authors inform us authoritatively concerning the Portuguese discovery of Japan, the work of St. Francis Xavier, the beginning of Spanish and Portuguese rivalry, the Korean war, the expulsion of the Portuguese, and the early days of Christianity.

Holy Grail (The): The Silent Teacher. By Mary Hanaford Ford. The Alice B. Stockham Co., Chicago. 5×7 in. 155 pages.

Home Mechanic (The). By John Wright. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 6×9 in. 435 pages. $3.50.

A book of practical value to all householders who want to do odd jobs independently of carpenter and plumber. The amateur mechanic will find explicit directions here about the use of tools, the making of repairs, and even about lathe-work, steam-engines, and drilling. There are many explanatory drawings.

How to Sleep. Edited by Marian M. George. A. Flanagan Co., Chicago, Ill. 5½×7¾ in. 96 pages. 50c.

Lincoln Legion (The): The Story of its Founder and Forerunners. By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Illustrated. The Mershon Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 256 pages. $1.

Middle Eastern Question; or, Some Political Problems of Indian Defence (The). By Valentine Chirol. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 512 pages. $5, net.

Mr. Chirol has been the correspondent of the London "Times" in Asia. In his opinion, the Middle Eastern (*i.e.*, the Persia-Indian) problem is one of even graver moment to England than is the Far Eastern problem. England's great opponent in both cases is Russia. Mr. Chirol points out that where Russia has come in contact only with the lower organisms of political life she has advanced steadily and relentlessly, but when she has been brought face to face with the substantial interests which England is prepared to protect, she has recognized the expediency of coming to a direct understanding with England, as in the case of the Pamirs and of the Afghan border. It is extremely interesting to compare Mr. Chirol's opinion with that of Captain Mahan on the same subject. Both call attention to the disintegration of Asia under the new conditions evolved, which may seriously affect the position of India. Both declare that England has a very substantial interest in the Persian Gulf and must be prepared to protect it. Both believe that, while the Persian Gulf should be kept open to the pacific enterprise of other nations than England, it must remain closed to their territorial ambitions. Russia is pursuing a policy of peaceful penetration of Persia from the north. England should penetrate from the south if she hopes to hold the Gulf. Russia not unnaturally looks to her continuous territory and population behind the scene of possible contest as the assurance of her own pre-eminent predominance and eventually of her exclusive influence. Yet, in the opinion of these latest critics of the Middle Eastern problem, it must be long before Russia can overcome the resistance of an Anglo-Indian political organization resting immediately upon commercial interests, but ultimately upon naval control of the Persian Gulf by the armed forces of England backed by India and the colonies. Perhaps Russia can never overcome it.

Nemesis of Faith (The). By James Anthony Froude. (Reprinted from the Second Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 148 pages. 35c., net.

The reprint of a theological and didactic novel which, as Dr. Conway says in his introduction, had "the distinction of being the only book piously burnt at Oxford during the nineteenth century."

New Day (The): A Book for Young Men. By Russell H. Conwell. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia. 4½×7½ in. 117 pages.

One Thousand Poems for Children: A Choice of the Best Verse, Old and New. Edited by Roger Ingpen. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. 5½×8¼ in. 446 pages. $1.25, net.

Many families will welcome this anthology for children, which is none the worse in that it includes many poems not ostensibly written for children—the youthful mind needs space and opportunity to expand in, and there is no better way of affording these things than by putting before it real imaginative creations, things that inspire and elevate without regard to age. Some of the poems here included might, however, be excluded for other reasons—such as Dr. Hoffmann's silly poem about the boy who refused to eat his soup for four days, "and on the fifth day he was dead." In fact, the book would be improved if about a quarter of the poems were omitted. But one can find all the old favorites and many charming poems known to but few.

Policy and Administration of the Dutch in Java (The). By Clive Day, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 434 pages. $2, net.

Professor Day's learned work has as abundant justification for its appearance the divergence between the English description of Dutch policy in Java and the facts of history as they appear in the original documents and in the writings of Dutch historians. After considering the native organizations, the author considers the policy and government of the East India Company, the periods of British rule and the Dutch restoration. Then comes the culture system, and finally some chapters on modern government in Java. The volume seems to us indispensable to students of colonial government.

Political Theories of the Ancient World (The). By Westel Woodbury Willoughby, Ph.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 294 pages.

Professor Willoughby has the very unusual ability to write at once compactly, clearly, and thoughtfully. In this volume of about three hundred pages he describes the political theories that prevailed among the peoples of the Orient, among the Hebrews, among the Greeks, and among the Romans. He uses as his sources not only the writings of ancient authors but also the practices of

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ancient States and contemporaneous ethical and philosophical ideas. He thus recognizes implicitly the fact that the political theories to be found in such a work, for instance, as Plato's Republic represent only one side of the then Greek conception of the State, and must be offset by the less academic views discoverable in the Greek State as at that time constituted. Beginning with a carefully drawn distinction between the family idea and the State idea, which have been confused in some theories of tribal government, Professor Willoughby tersely states the Oriental despotic philosophy. He devotes a chapter to the theories of the Hebrews, in which he suggestively points out the blending of the theocratic ideal with the democratic. The rest of the book he devotes to the political theories of the Greeks and the Romans. As an instance of Professor Willoughby's breadth of treatment we can here only call attention to his reference to the interaction between Greek religion and Greek politics, the polytheism of the one reinforcing the individualism of the other, and, conversely, the conception of the State as immortal taking the place of a vital belief in individual immortality. Professor Willoughby's interpretations are of the sort that demand respect; one who undertakes to question them cannot do so lightly. They are, moreover, presented in a persuasive, because non-controversial, style. Whoever reads this book, whether he agrees with Professor Willoughby or not, will find his own political views clarified so that he can more justly estimate present-day political movements. This volume is the first of a series designed to cover the whole field of political philosophy.

Publications of the Mississippi Historical Society. Edited by Franklin L. Riley. Vol. VII. Published by the Mississippi Historical Society, Oxford, Miss. 6×9½ in. 531 pages.

Sevastopol and Other Military Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 326 pages. $1.50.

This is the first volume in a new translation of the works of Tolstoy under the editorial supervision of Louise and Aylmer Maude, in which it is proposed to present accurate versions of the Russian original, with explanations in prefaces and foot-notes of the relation between each work and Tolstoy's artistic development and his later philosophical and religious position. In the order of time, "Childhood" preceded "Sevastopol" three years, but his "Childhood," "Boyhood," and "Youth" naturally form one volume and were not completed until 1857. "Sevastopol," which was published in 1855, takes its place as the initial volume in this new edition. It was the first of Tolstoy's work to command wide attention and to awaken profound interest. The editors modestly announce that they do not expect to present ideal translations, because such translations do not exist, but they propose to offer thoroughly trustworthy and readable versions. The preface contains an interesting announcement of Tolstoy's relations to his books. He expects nothing in the way of return from his works, but, when the original Russian has once been printed, permits any one to print, translate, or reprint it into any language. This volume is a satisfactory piece of book-making—simple and substantial.

Shall We Understand the Bible? By Rev. T. Rhondda Williams. (Revised and Enlarged Edition.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 85 pages.

To initiate an advance in Sunday-school studies of the Bible, a committee of superintendents and teachers in Bradford, England, requested the course of lectures here published upon subsequent invitation. Their title indicates the standpoint of the lecturer, that "the fatal objection to the traditional theory of the Bible is that the book cannot be understood by it." Mr. Williams is one of the younger Congregational ministers in England, whose books are beginning to make him known in this country as a man of power. These lectures are critical, constructive, and popular in form, a compact presentation of the changed view and the enhanced value of the Bible which result from studying it in the modern method.

Steps in the Expansion of Our Territory. By Oscar P. Austin. (With Maps.) D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 258 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 12c.)

This professes to be nothing more than an outline sketch of "the steps by which the United States has been transformed from thirteen political communities into fifty, the process by which new territory has been added and great unoccupied areas have been transformed into Territories and then States." It may be said that the author has adhered closely to the lines laid down by himself, and has succeeded in giving us a work which, despite the fact that it cannot be deemed a weighty addition to the rapidly growing list of books treating of the territorial growth of the United States, will at least serve as an introduction to the more extended studies of Johnson, Carpenter, and others. The reader's interest is dulled, however, by the colorless style of the author, who, perhaps from an unfortunate determination to make this essentially a "state paper" history, maintains a monotonous dead level, and seldom allows his diction to appear in full dress. A great deal of statistical information is compressed within a small compass, and there are numerous maps illustrative of the gradual extension of territory.

Sylvia's Husband. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4½×7½ in. 221 pages. $1.25.

A trivial and not very probable story of flirtations, misunderstandings, and reconciliations.

Testing of Electro-Magnetic Machinery and Other Apparatus. By Bernard Victor Swenson, E.E., M.E., and Budd Frankenfield, E.E. Vol. I. **Direct Currents.** The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 420 pages. $3.

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Transitional Eras in Thought: With Special Reference to the Present Age. By A. C. Armstrong, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 347 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Why I am a Churchman: The Pitts Street Chapel Lecture in Answer to the Question. By Rt. Rev. George M. Randall, D.D. Revised by Rt. Rev. Leighton Coleman, S.T.D., LL.D. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 106 pages. 50c., net.

Correspondence

Service Pensions

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I do not like your ideas—not a bit—not even a little bit. I enlisted in April, 1861, under the first call for volunteers for three months, and in one capacity or another served my country as a soldier for upwards of three years. I applied for and received my present pension of six dollars a month under the administration of Mr. Cleveland; and never, in the whole course of my life, have I experienced the humiliation I felt during my mental and physical examination for that pension. Because I am writing of myself, perhaps I may say that I believe my reputation and standing in the community are fairly good. At all events, I read The Outlook, if that is any measure of a man's character. But it seemed to me that my examiners thought me a liar and a fraud, and that the principal aim of the examination was to convict me of those charges. I have never applied for an increase. Probably I never will. If the necessity comes, I think I shall prefer to spend my last days in a Soldiers' Home.

You say that service pension legislation "is thoroughly vicious in principle." I do not agree with you, and the reasons you give for such a statement are, to my mind, utterly inadequate. You are thoroughly frightened at the idea of adding "another army of able-bodied men to the great roll of our pensioners." That is unkind and unjust. I am sixty-three, and with no regular occupation—incapacitated by age from holding my own at physical labor with the "able-bodied" younger generation. How many "able-bodied" young men of my age do you know who can earn six days' wages a week with pick and shovel, ax or hoe?

You say, "It is a rich country, with immense resources, and it is under incalculable obligations to the men who fought in the Civil War;" and yet you object and cast slurs upon those same men when they ask that their last days be made easier out of those "immense resources" that their courage and patriotism made possible. Put yourself in my place. I had commenced the study of medicine when the war came. I came home broken in health. It took years for me to recover and to "settle down" from the restlessness that four years of army life will develop in a boy. Then my time had gone. My opportunity had passed, or I thought it had, which was the same to me. I had a cousin a year older than myself who commenced the study of medicine about the time that I did. He did not enlist, but put in the four years in preparing for his profession. He has now turned over his practice to his son, and is living in an Eastern city upon the profits of his profession. Isn't there still a little coming to me from this "rich country"?

Roast the frauds in the pension list until they are done brown, and the old *soldiers* will applaud you to the echo. Turn the searchlight upon the private pension business. *We* would enjoy that. "Two hundred and nine private pension bills passed at a single afternoon session of the Congress, with no opposition," is a quotation from a recent newspaper. Use your probe there until Congressmen squirm; but don't begrudge us old fellows, who need and have earned it, a few dollars per month.

G. A. Pabodie.

Joe Hooker Post No. 9, G. A. R., Baraboo, Wis.

Another Veteran's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

As a veteran of the Civil War I wish to write and thank you for the article in last week's issue of The Outlook on the Service Pension Bill. The selfishness of man shows itself among the G. A. R. men as it does everywhere else in the world, so I presume I may be in a minority among my comrades when I say that I indorse every word of your article. I have an article on the subject written a few days before The Outlook came, and I find myself holding almost identically the same views as The Outlook. I think this country does owe a great deal to the soldier of '61–'65, and it can be paid, not in the "coin of the realm," but, in many cases, in a larger pension to *needy* soldiers. No old soldier who did his duty should suffer or be the inmate of an almshouse; it can be paid in gratitude to Almighty God that the labors, sacrifices, and sufferings of the soldiers of the Civil War were of avail and that we now have a prosperous and reunited country. A great portion of the men who went to the war were actuated by one of the highest motives that can stir the human heart—love of country. To all such I should think the proposed bill would be repugnant. One part of your article which struck a sympathetic chord in my own heart was that where you mentioned that it was the duty of the soldiers to go and fight, and duty done can never be paid for in cash, but is paid in the sweet inner consciousness of the doer. For wealthy men, men high in business or professional life, men drawing good salaries, who are enjoying average health, to receive a pension of twelve dollars a month is, in my opinion, putting a pretty low price on patriotism and

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love of country. I have written to our representative in Congress from this district expressing these views, but don't know whether they coincide with his or not.

HORATIO CARTER.

Newtonville, Massachusetts.

The Missions of California

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It is rather characteristic of Californians to be willing to learn—even when they must go from home to hear the news. It certainly is news that (according to Pauline R. Bird, in your issue of January 2)—

> To Edwin Deakin, the "artist historian," is directly due the inspiration . . . for the opening and restoring of El Camino Real, the King's Highway in California.

And that—

> Edwin Deakin has opened the eyes of Californians to the urgency of preserving these landmarks [the Missions].

Mr. Deakin is a good man and a good artist. His work has an excellent standing in the literal school, and serious historic worth. Technically, he is far ahead of Ford, who had painted and etched all the Missions long before him. But a great many artists have painted the Missions—as well as many more "who are not." And each competent one did as much to "open the eyes of Californians" as Mr. Deakin has done. Jorgenson is among the most recent and most adequate of them. But Keith, the undisputed master, painted every Mission in 1880—and I do not think it will be pretended that Mr. Deakin had done so. As between the "schools" I have neither license nor wish to arbitrate or decide; a transcriber of real estate, an impressionist, a creator—any one of them may arouse interest in an interesting subject. To pretend that, among the multitude who have pictorially stirred the public to think of the Missions, Mr. Deakin stands either alone or pre-eminent is to be misinformed. Probably Borglum and Watchel have had quite as much weight. And while I am honestly grateful to Mr. Deakin as an artist, this is "positively his first appearance" on my horizon as a "historian."

The first—and, until within a year, the only serious—organized effort to preserve the Missions was undertaken ten years ago by Miss Tessa L. Kelso, then Librarian of the Los Angeles Public Library. Her society was soon merged in the Landmarks Club, incorporated. At about the same time, Miss Anna B. Picher took up, as her branch of the great work, the Camino Real. How devotedly, how unselfishly, how skillfully she conducted her campaign is known to all who have any tolerable information on the subject; and to attribute to any other one person any considerable credit for making the historic highway a matter of public knowledge and interest is not only absurd—it is a peculiarly pathetic ingratitude.

Meantime, for more than eight years the Landmarks Club has been publishing, every month, "literature" and illustrations showing the need of safeguarding the Missions, showing the ruin, showing the steps taken to arrest it, and calling good citizens to the work. It has gathered thousands of members from all over the world. It has shown to thousands, by lectures with graphic lantern slides, what there is to do and what has been done. It has conducted excursions to the missions, has published a volume in aid of the work, and has in general given publicity to conditions which were entirely unknown to the general public even in California. It has done more work of protection and repair of the California Missions than has been done by all other agencies put together, and has raised the money therefor almost exclusively by its dues. It is still actively at work. Its membership is open to all, the only initiation being the payment of $1 per annum dues. It would be glad to receive Mr. Deakin as a member.

The Club has already so repaired the principal buildings at each of four Missions that they will stand safe for another century. For one item, it has re-roofed more than 60,000 square feet of these buildings.

A convention to consider the rehabilitation of the Camino Real from San Diego to Santa Barbara was held in this city January 30. It was called by representative bodies of Los Angeles; not only directly, but confessedly, on the strength of popular interest built up by the active and constant "ten years' campaign" of Miss Picher and the Landmarks Club. It is hoped and believed that practical results will be attained; and that the example set here will be followed by Northern California with regard to the other half of the Camino—as was the case with the preservation of the Missions. Last year a Northern league of very similar title was formed to do, in the upper half of the State, the work which the Landmarks Club has so long been doing here.

As to other points in Miss Bird's article:

There is no map extant which "shows the original road." Any pretense to show it is mere guesswork. Such an itinerary can be identified only by the documentary student and engineer in collaboration. The Missions are not "strung along El Camino for a distance of nearly one thousand miles north and south," nor for much more than half that distance. The Franciscans had as much to do with "teaching the Indians the intricate basket-making" as they had to do with the invention of printing. Nor did they teach the Indians to bind books. The "missals and vellum bindings" had a somewhat different source. Possibly Mr. Deakin "hopes and expects to paint the Jesuit Missions of Southern California;" but he certainly never will. There are no such Missions, and there never were. San Luis Rey was not "the second Mission founded," but the eighteenth, and came twenty-eight years after the second. Its highest enrollment of neophytes was not 869 (which number 17 Missions surpassed), but 2,869.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

Los Angeles, California.

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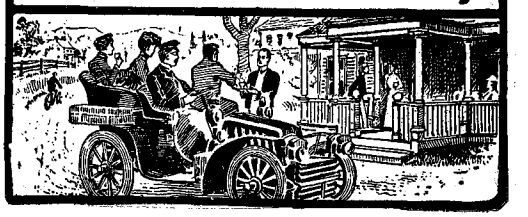

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